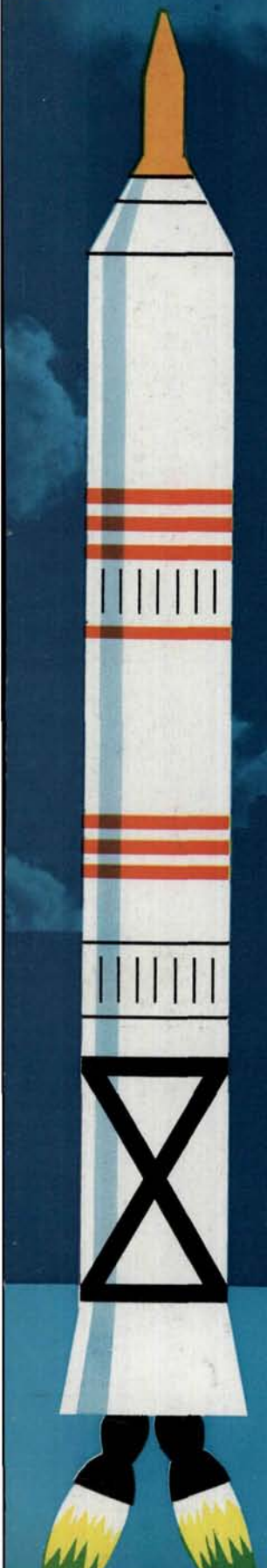
Saturday Review

December 21, 1968 35¢



The Pursuit of Military Security:

The Power of the Pentagon
By Eugene J. McCarthy

H-Bombs in the Back Yard
By David R. Inglis

Who Governs the Sch
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December 21, 1968

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turday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President d Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising rvices, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Mark Lowenthal; Circulation rector, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise, Assistant to the Publisher, Marion my. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LI, No. 51, December 21, 68. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in e "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1968 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved der the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of y article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United ates of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly dressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 adison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**
ANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, icago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; ast Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery eet, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140. rinted by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

(Advertisement)

The right word is worth a thousand pictures but there are times when I wish this column were illustrated. Here I am, confronted by *The World of Marc Chagall*, by the superb photographer Izis, the writer Roy McMullen, and, it must be said, by Chagall himself.

Let us seek the virtue in necessary compromise; if we can do so in ending war, let us do so in extending art. The virtue is that lacking illustrations I can emphasize Mr. McMullen's writing and wisdom as he reveals the great artist—and human being—at work. In such a sumptuous book, wherein Izis has captured Chagall's art and the man creating it, ordinary text would be threatened in the shadows of splendor. But McMullen's words shine with a luminosity of their own. For he knows how to unlock the secrets that lie behind and beneath the dazzling color and spirit, the joys and depths of Chagall. He leads us into the paintings without destroying them: close to the brushwork, then backing away to see the worlds beyond (of France, of Russia, of religious symbol, the cinematic, the erotic, the comic).

And throughout the text are the voices of Chagall himself, enlarging without explaining all, preserving the mystery but clarifying our appreciation.

In this season, do not overlook this teamwork of artist, photographer, and writer (the team also included our Paris Editor, Beverly Gordey, and Aldus Books' Wolfgang Foges). This book about art *is* art.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The World of Marc Chagall, with 56 pages in full color, 69 reproductions of paintings, sketches, and sculpture, printed in Lausanne, is $25, and is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

God Is Alive and Well and Living in Terror

AND SO it came to pass in Heaven that it was the week before Christmas. And the Heavenly Hosts had long been busy preparing to celebrate the glorious Day of His birth.

The fleecy clouds had been decked with boughs of holly. And tinsel hung from all the stars, "blessed candles of the night." From the rehearsal halls were heard the choral voices of Angels, trolling the ancient Yuletide carols.

The Streets of Solid Gold were paved over with banks of fake snow. And in a place of honor stood last year's little Christmas tree, which shone like new, resplendently trimmed with globes of imitation crystal in living color.

And so it was when St. Peter stood at his Gate, humming "Silent Night" as he dusted an old wreath of holly to hang over his pearly portal, there came to him a messenger with a memo.

It was marked URGENT and it read: "Due to the violent hatred and divisiveness on one of our planets, this year's Birthday celebration is canceled. Stop all preparations." Signed, "G."

The venerable Keeper of the Gate recognized Wrath when he saw it. That the turmoil on one tiny speck in the vast firmament of His Kingdom should deprive them of this Joyous Day of celebration was beyond his comprehension. He was astonished.

A voice came thundering through the intercom: "I am not interested in your comprehension! You are only astonished, I am terrified. Until the cause of these unprecedented hatreds is discovered, and Order restored under Justice, there will be no more Birthday celebrations. And tell those Angels to stop that singing!"

And suddenly the Heavens were stilled. In moments the Angels came scurrying to the Gate. St. Peter told them of conditions on Earth. Their disappointment was apparent. They babbled in chorus, protesting their displeasure.

He stood helplessly among them. The Word has been spoken. There was no appeal. Unless . . . unless conditions down there could, by some miracle, be transformed into Peace and Goodwill Some small miracle, one in St. Peter's province. He called for quiet.

"There is one chance," St. Peter told them. "We have a full week. Theresa," he said pointing to one of the more voluble dissenting Angels, "you will fly down to Earth and discover the cause of these violent hatreds. You will report to me as soon as you have, if you'll pardon the pun, unearthed the cause. Remember, time is of the essence."

And so it was that Theresa flew down and landed, unplanned, on Broadway and 44th Street, attracted by the light of The Great White Way. That very night she called St. Peter on the Celestial phone.

"St. Peter, this is Theresa. I have discovered the source of these hatreds. It's a place called Broadway. The people are drawn here like moths to the flame, to watch other people whose faces are painted and who gather in a place called Sardi's—a restaurant—where they speak sweetly to each other while stabbing each other in the back. I'm frightened. May I come back, please?"

St. Peter scoffed. This was merely acceptable human behavior. He ordered Theresa to investigate further and to discover the cause of this terrestial upheaval.

He didn't hear from her for three days. Then the phone rang again. It was the Angel Theresa. "Hello, Peter darling, this is Terry! I'm out in Hollywood now! It's terribly groovy, and I've discovered the root of all this evil. It's on a street called The Strip where young men congregate in multitudes. Their hair is grown long, their faces filled with beards, they wear sandals and unseemly robes. They are the cause. I am told they are spread across the earth, millions in number. They say they are doing their 'Thing.'"

And St. Peter reported this investigation to Him. "It's the young men with beards and long hair and sandals who have created hatred and divisiveness."

"No, no," replied God. "They are only a manifest effect of actions by their elders. That's what terrifies Me."

"If they keep on, they will destroy the world," said St. Peter.

"Not the world. Just the earth. I created the Universe, you know. And I hate like Satan to start re-creating any part of it. But I appreciate your trying to appease My Wrath. And in keeping with My renowned Compassion, I will permit your Birthday celebration this year. But I warn you, next year I will be unmoved."

"By that time," replied St. Peter, "I hope those young men will have got rid of that long hair and those beards and the sandals and the . . ."

"Will you stop repeating that! Listen. I have a Son . . ."

"One at a time, you guys!"

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

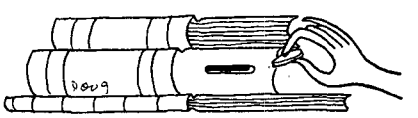
In another collection of those mad jokes he seems attracted to, Paul B. Lowney now appears with *The Best in Offbeat Humor* (Peter Pauper), which tells, for instance, of the young couple who weren't getting along well, and were trying to make up their minds whether to get a divorce or take a two-week vacation in Hawaii to patch things up. They finally decided that a vacation would be over in two weeks, but a divorce is something they'd always have.

Some of them are real oldies, like the eighteenth-century doctor who came home exhausted and said to his wife: "It was the toughest delivery of my entire medical career." She offers her sympathy, and he adds: "Well, it was rewarding. This day will go down in history. The baby was George Washington." Still, if you are in a nutty mood, it's your dish, even if you've heard a few before, such as the one about the girl who lived in a glass house. Everything was glass except the windows, which were brick. When she got undressed, she stood in front of a window. Get the idea now, about offbeat humor?

The co-author (with Poppy Cannon) of *The Presidents' Cookbook* (Funk), Patricia Brooks has become knowledgeable regarding certain Presidential lore. She can tell you all about the 1,400-pound cheese that a New York dairyman presented to Andrew Jackson amid much hoopla. Another food gift made for publicity purposes was the huge melon given to President McKinley. It was two-and-a-half feet long and six feet in circumference. In a special ceremony, the melon, wrapped in an American flag, was offered to McKinley by a Congressman from Georgia, where the melon was grown. The President regarded it with awe, not knowing quite what to do. The Congressman said, "Don't be alarmed, Mr. President, there is no office-seeker inside." That is the kind of McKinley lore, incidentally, collected by a man in Emmaus, Pennsylvania, who was one of Mrs. Brooks's sources. Every year on our twenty-fifth President's birthday (January 29), this ardent McKinleyphile has a McKinley Birthday Dinner, his house decorated with memorabilia, the most dramatic of which are the $500 bills thumbtacked to the walls. (Now you know whose picture is on the $500 bill.)

A while back I wrote (TRADE WINDS, Oct. 26) about a home bank made to look like a book. You keep your valuables in it and place it on the bookshelf. To make sure some intellectual doesn't try to read the book and thus come across your life savings, the manufacturer gave it the title, *Home Economics*, by Mary Jones. I remarked that I couldn't think of a more apt title for a book that you didn't want anyone to read. Even the choice of the author's name, I thought, showed genius on the part of someone. Well, a number of home economists have written me with some asperity, accusing me of attacking their profession. One of them, Lyne Genser of New Haven, pointed out that in the interest of making the bank even less likely to be stolen, a better title would be *The Life and Wit of Jerome Beatty, Jr.* Well, I certainly agree with her. I never would have thought of it myself.

A dentist in New York was grateful for the information, though. Dr. Hyman Gubman wrote me that he wants to know where to buy *Home Economics*



by Mary Jones. The book safe he had on the shelf was pilfered. The title on that was *Banking Made Easy*.

The Better Business Bureau of Metropolitan New York continues its drive against vanity publishers. One of its tests was to assign someone on the staff to write something so bad that it ought to be rejected. So far, that writer has failed miserably. "We have sent in manuscripts of the worst possible quality," says Arthur Startz of that organization, "and they are inevitably accepted." It must be terribly frustrating for the writer, don't you think?

I have ridden in some interesting New York taxicabs. One in which the tonneau (oh, boy, I've been waiting years to be able to use that word!) was taken up with a rack on which were displayed numerous religious pamphlets, free for the taking. Another where the driver had a harmonica wired on his neck—à la Bob Dylan. But Eugene Hollander remains vividly in my memory.

Posted in the passenger compartment of his cab was a newspaper clipping from a *Daily News* column stating that

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Lisbon is where Europe goes to find summer in the winter.

For the money you'd spend on the same old resorts, Swissair can swing the other side of the sun. Beaches without transistors. Guitars without amplifiers. Fly non-stop New York to Lisbon. Gateway to Iberia. Morocco. The Canaries. The Mediterranean. Madeira. Call Swissair or your travel agent. Isn't it time to break with the usual?

✈SWISSAIR

Heidi wouldn't lie.

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Eugene Hollander dispensed hi-fi, TV, cigarettes, and coffee in his taxi. All I could see was a stained china coffee cup and a Thermos on the front seat, obviously for the use of the driver only. "Where's the rest of the stuff?" I asked. "There isn't any such thing," he replied. "Why do you have the clipping posted then?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "it's there to show people not to believe what they read in the papers."

Sharps and Flats: Entering Atlantic City, David Glixon drew up short at the official sign at the city limits: CRIMINAL REGISTRATION REQUIRED.

► The *New Yorker* finally rejected this quip of Dick Goennel's, so he has given it to me free to run in TRADE WINDS. When that Trojan Horse was pronounced a fake at the Metropolitan Museum, Goennel was looking at a copy of it in Brentano's art shop. Trying to be funny, he said to the salesgirl: "That horse is a fake." She one-upped him: "Yes, so was the original."

► Anna Davis says that if you ask for mucilage, nine out of ten clerks don't know what it is.

► Don't ask me why Harry Shull was reading a 1937 insurance application form from Prudential, but he was. Two questions were: "Have you taken aerial flights within the last two years?" and "Do you contemplate aerial flights within the next twelve months?"

► The Miami *Herald* television listing described a movie, *Jolly Bad Fellow*, this way: "A university professor invents a poison that causes hysteria before death. Good comedy."

► Capt. Hugh L. Bates of Saudi Arabian Airlines found this in *Elements of Style* by Strunk and White: "The subject of a sentence and the principal verb should not, as a rule, be separated by a phrase or clause that can be transferred to the beginning."

► David Wolfe saw a sign in an Automat: SANDWICHES TO ORDER ON REQUEST.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1810)

T. H. WHITE:
THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

There is a thing called knowledge of the world, which people do not have until they are middle-aged. It is something which cannot be taught to younger people, because it is not logical and does not obey laws which are constant. It has no rules.

State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

European Notebook: Paris

WITH SO MUCH of the fate of the world depending on the American President, Europeans are profoundly interested in Mr. Nixon. Not unlike Americans, they are uneasy about him. What he has said in interviews, especially on European television, has not impressed them, nor has his personality, but his immediate willingness to strengthen President Johnson's hand during the interregnum period has. What he does will count.

The hope, usually expressed in the British press, is that Mr. Nixon—well aware that he is not a popular man, nor particularly trusted—will want to prove his critics wrong and, therefore, turn out to be a better President than is generally expected. The views in the French press depend very much on the political coloration of the publication. They range from those warning that Europe should not indulge "in an irrational antipathy toward Mr. Nixon" to those on the non-Communist left, saying that "the role of the United States in the world today is shattering, and no one could seriously believe that Mr. Nixon could be the man to cope with such responsibility." The influential German magazine, *Der Spiegel*, an equivalent to *Time*, concluded that "the elections of November 5, 1968, mean that the United States has shrunk to the dimension of a Richard Nixon."

Government officials, whether in London, Paris, or Bonn, are more tolerant. In past visits to London, Mr. Nixon has made a good impression, but more as a man who knows rather than one who understands.

In France, General de Gaulle is beginning to understand that his grandeur is not as invulnerable as he had assumed and, as he stressed in his letter to President Johnson, he is now willing to cooperate with the United States in financial and economic affairs. Policies, however, have become so interdependent that French retrenchment in financial matters also means an indefinite postponement of France's nuclear development, especially the *force de frappe*, and hence a greater French military dependence on the United States and NATO in general. It does not mean that General de Gaulle will return to full partnership in NATO or that he will become more hospitable to British membership in the Common Market. But he clearly means to use the advent of a new President in the United States to turn a new page in Franco-American relations.

De Gaulle's convictions have not changed—only the circumstances—and one must give it to the General that he at least recognizes when circumstances have changed, however belatedly. From everything one hears in Paris among those in close touch with the General, he has come to recognize that France could not play a Great Power intermediary role between East and West, and that his goal of a One Europe, after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, is invalid. Thus, the General is forced not only to concentrate on his domestic troubles, which are growing, but also to rely on those allies he spurned disdainfully when the illusion of grandeur blinded him.

Nobody here underrates the grave difficulties the Americans are facing in the next phase of the negotiations with the North Vietnamese. In many ways, the doubts about President-elect Nixon's attitude toward these negotiations and the problems the Saigon Government will create once its representatives come to the conference table cause more uncertainties than does the attitude of the North Vietnamese. The Americans will concentrate on finding the means to secure the insulation of South Vietnam to make de-escalation of the war and the gradual withdrawal of American troops possible. This will, first of all, require Hanoi's agreement to an effective international supervision of the DMZ. The French have no illusions that conditions could be negotiated guaranteeing the security of the South against infiltration from the North, but there is a feeling on the American side that the South Vietnamese Army is strong enough to protect itself at least against any renewed fighting by the Vietcong.

The United States is determined to leave the internal political negotiations to the South Vietnamese and NLF representatives. Whatever the formalities these two groups will be forced to come to terms with each other sooner or later. Once these negotiations get under way they will gain their own momentum. The deliberations will not so much influence the situation in Paris as the situation in Saigon. There the political constellation of the Saigon Government is bound to undergo a gradual change as the need for a political settlement and the Amer

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ican determination to bring the war to an end become crystal clear.

Paris from a tourist's point of view is as beautiful as ever. But hotels and restaurants are the most expensive in Europe. If you go to a two- or three-star restaurant, be prepared to pay $40 to $50 for two. The small bistros outside the center of Paris are still relatively reasonable, but are only locally known. Artistically, there is nothing really worth seeing or hearing—on the stage, at the opera, or in the concert halls. Paris has become surprisingly uncreative. London and New York are far more interesting, far more alive.

Since the invasion of Czechoslovakia, NATO has become more active. Member countries have agreed either to postpone projected cuts or to increase some of their contributions. Even the French are more cooperative and more interested in participating in various planning exercises. But at the Brussels headquarters of the European Common Market, there is a crisis of stagnation; with General de Gaulle blocking progress, it is unable to broaden its geographical radius or deepen its political significance. There is a feeling that, with the growing American and Japanese competition in the world markets, the Common Market of Europe will be able to withstand this competition only if it can grow stronger and more united. In such costly and vital fields as communication satellites, for instance, Western Europe is falling behind; the same is happening in the field of peaceful nuclear developments. Prospects for improvement are discouraging. Nationalism, made respectable by General de Gaulle, is growing in Europe; everyone is fending for himself, though the current monetary crisis has shown how interdependent the big industrial states have become—how the fall of one currency can drag down the others.

I am amazed how passionately critical the French are of Jackie Kennedy's marriage to Mr. Onassis. Everybody tells me that the event aroused far more interest than the election of Mr. Nixon. The French sound much less charitable than the Americans. They feel she betrayed a legacy and a legend. I was therefore not surprised that a fascinating interview with Marshal Tito in *Paris Match* —covering world problems of the highest import—ended with the question: "Finally, would comrade Tito have some ideas to convey about the Jacqueline Kennedy-Onassis marriage and its symbolism of capitalist society?" Marshal Tito, who throughout the interview was remarkably frank and outspoken, replied with the discretion of a gentleman: "Let's say that this is a question of personal taste. . . ."

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Saturday Review
December 21, 1968

The Pursuit of Military Security

1. The Power of the Pentagon

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY

THE military-industrial-academic establishment in America is rapidly becoming a kind of republic within the Republic. Its influence, as President Eisenhower warned eight years ago, "is felt in every city, every state house, every office in the federal government." Since he spoke, the situation has become more serious, more dangerous. The budget of the Defense Department has almost doubled—from just over $40 billion to about $80 billion a year. With military missions in many nations of the world, with its own intelligence operations that include eavesdropping ships such as the *U.S.S. Liberty* and the *U.S.S. Pueblo*, with its own business of selling billions of dollars worth of arms—for cash or on credit—all around the world, with its involvement now in "civic action" or "nation-building" in many of the underdeveloped countries, the Defense Department has become perhaps the strongest independent power in world affairs.

Defense Department actions are to a large extent beyond the effective control of the Congress. There is no conspiracy. Rather, the influence of the military in American life today is something that has happened to us almost without critical judgment and without real evaluation of the process.

The Defense Department spends much of its $80-billion-a-year budget in direct procurement here at home. As the military budget has climbed, the Defense Department has had greater and greater influence upon our foreign policy, upon our domestic policy, and upon the educational institutions of the United States. If it had a significant influence on only one of these, we would have cause for concern; as it has considerable influence on all three, we need to be triply concerned.

Increasing militarization of our foreign policy has been evident in recent years in our growing readiness to respond in military terms to problems around the world which may or may not be susceptible to military solutions. We sponsored an invasion of Cuba in 1961. We intervened, in violation of treaty commitments, by sending troops to the Dominican Republic in 1965.

MOST serious of all is our involvement in Vietnam. The history of how and why we have come to have, as we do today, more than a half-million American combat troops bogged down in Southeast Asia is long and complex. Yet if there was one crucial decision which set the course more than any other, it was the decision to commit American troops to try to impose a military solution in a country where the problems are chiefly political and social. The Administration has long protested that the real war is "the other war," that the civilian pacification program, or whatever name it may happen to be called at the moment, is one of the greatest importance to the outcome of the struggle in Vietnam. But even the civilian pacification program was turned over last year, presumably in the name of efficiency but without notable result, to the military.

The tendency to look at political problems in military terms was largely responsible for getting us into Vietnam. It is also responsible for much of our difficulty in getting out. Until President Johnson's decision to end the bombing of the North and to agree to National Liberation Front participation in the Paris talks, the United States apparently clung to the hope of military victory. We were not therefore seriously interested in a negotiated settlement.

Several incidents illustrate the confusion of roles between the military and political. On April 28, 1967, the then military commander in Vietnam, Gen. William C. Westmoreland, spoke to a joint session of the House and Senate. At that time, I questioned the appropriateness of having him speak to the Congress on two grounds: first, because it made Congress a captive audience for the presentation of a position on Vietnam which was well known, but which was at the same time highly controversial. Second, I expressed grave reservations about using a field commander on active duty as an instrument to make a case which is not only military but also political.

Later in the year, General Westmoreland again returned to the United States and appeared on TV with our Ambassador to South Vietnam, Ellsworth Bunker, in an attempt to justify and defend the effort in Vietnam. I believe this use of a military commander in what is essentially a public relations capacity was contrary to the tradition of subordination of the military to the civilian authority, and of military judgment to political judgment, on which this nation was founded.

THEN on December 18, 1967, Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, claimed that dissent within the United States from the Administration's war policy encouraged Hanoi to hope for a change in that policy, and that this was the "most important factor in prolonging the war." Several months later, it was reported that the Joint Chiefs had been requested to sign a formal assurance that the American outpost at Khesanh, then surrounded by the enemy, "can and should be defended." The first part of that assurance is a military judgment;

Eugene J. McCarthy is U.S. Senator from Minnesota.

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THE REQUIREMENTS OF NATIONAL DEFENSE are having a profound impact on American life, affecting the economy, the educational system, and countless individual communities. In addition, the recent decision to develop an anti-missile system may be creating the danger of accidental nuclear explosions in America's urban centers. In this and the following article, two critics of U.S. military policy discuss the issues, the dangers, and the possibilities.

the second may be partially a military judgment, but the context in which it was given appeared primarily political. We ought not to concede a political role to the Joint Chiefs so easily.

In contrast, when General MacArthur publicly urged an escalation of the war in Korea, President Truman did not bring him home to appear before Congress or on *Meet the Press*. He removed him. And Robert Lovett, the civilian Secretary of Defense who favored keeping Korea a limited war, was not sent over to the World Bank. He was kept on the job.

As a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, I have seen growing evidence of subservience of the State Department and of the Administration to military determinations and judgments. This is sustained by what has happened in Vietnam and also by the decision to spend at least $5 billion on an anti-ballistic-missile system which former Secretary McNamara and President Eisenhower as well as many experts have admitted will add nothing to the nation's security.

It is sustained by what has happened on arms sales to developing nations. The Administration has lobbied harder for its arms sales program than for civil rights or for aid to education.

THE Senate Foreign Relations Committee tried to put some limitations upon arms sales and arms distribution around the world in 1966 and 1967. We not only received no help from the Administration but positive opposition to our efforts. Despite that opposition, we set a limit of $25,000,000 on arms sales and distribution to Africa last year, and a limitation of $50,000,000 for Latin America. In opposing these limitations, the Administration claimed that the restrictions would seriously hamper our foreign policy in those countries, which, of course, is what we were trying to do.

Administration officials claimed that if arms distribution were limited, it would seriously interfere with military strength in Greece. That was shortly before the military coup in that country. Evidently the Greek military had enough arms to take over the country, but our State De-

—*Wide World.*

Defense expenditures and the Vietnam war account for 56 per cent, interest payments and veterans' benefits for 33 per cent, and all other budget items for 11 per cent of the budget dollar—"It is not necessary to accept the old argument that war production stimulates the economy. What is much more significant today is the particular interest developed in certain industries and certain areas of the country with reference to defense contracts and defense expenditures."

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partment thought they would be shorthanded without the additional military aid we planned for them. It was said that if we limited our arms aid to Turkey, people might lose confidence in our willingness to support NATO. The Administration said that it needed arms for Iran because of the unsettled situation in the Middle East, and added: "If we do not sell planes to Iran, they will probably go to the Russians for military equipment." We did sell the planes to Iran and within two or three weeks, the Iranians went to the Russians for additional military equipment anyway.

Much of our representation overseas is military. Apart from our troops in Europe and the Far East, in 1967, we had 4,681 military agents scattered throughout the world under our military assistance program. Whereas we consider very seriously whether we ought to have diplomatic representation in certain countries, and whereas we examine quite thoroughly the qualifications of ambassadors who are sent abroad when they come before the Senate for confirmation, the military aid groups, which may in some circumstances be more important (this has been true in some Latin American countries), are sent without any kind of formal Congressional examination. These officials often carry on, without publicity and without public awareness in the United States, missions which have strong political overtones.

In addition to its influence in the international arena, there is growing and dangerous involvement of the military establishment in the domestic affairs of the United States. It is not necessary to accept the old argument that war production stimulates the economy. What is much more significant today is the particular interest developed in certain industries and certain areas of the country with reference to defense contracts and defense expenditures.

THE $80-billion defense budget estimate for fiscal 1969 does not, for example, represent the full cost of defense activities for the year. Other defense-related expenditures include $4.4 billion for international programs, $4.5 billion for space research and technology. Another $14.4 billion is required for Government payment of interest—much of which is interest on debts arising from past wars—and $7.1 billion goes for veterans' benefits.

What are the effects on our economy of this enormous economic power? Sudden surges within the defense sector have certainly contributed to inflation. Defense spending can also be blamed, in large measure, for our balance of payments difficulties of the past several years. Not only has defense drawn away large numbers of workers from civilian activities, but it has also taken a proportionately large number of highly qualified personnel.

In fiscal 1965, the armed forces numbered 2,750,000, and they were supported by approximately 1,000,000 civilian workers attached to the Defense Department. Another 2,000,000 civilians were employed in private industry working directly or indirectly on supplying the military establishment. This was a total of 5,750,000, or eighty-six out of every 1,000 employed workers in the United States. By the end of fiscal 1967, this total was almost 7,500,000, or 103 out of every 1,000 employed workers.

Military technology has become very sophisticated, and the workers involved are, on the average, better paid than workers engaged in non-defense production. Last year, professional workers accounted for nearly 16 per cent and skilled blue-collar workers for 21 per cent of the civilians employed in defense work, in contrast with about 13 per cent for each of these groups in the rest of the working population. One out of every five of the nation's electrical and mechanical engineers in civilian jobs was employed on defense goods during the past year. The comparative ratio for airplane mechanics is two out of five and for physicists outside of teaching two out of five. These figures do not include the activities of the Atomic Energy Commission or the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which are also defense-related.

MUCH of the defense sector of the economy consists of research and development. The federal budget for this year allotted some $7.8 billion to research and development for defense and another $4.5 billion to space. Since 1960, defense and space programs have amounted to about 54 per cent of the expenditures on research and development carried out in the entire country.

Defense-related industries, notably aerospace, electronics, and communications, have become a major factor in the economy. While the technical competence acquired in these fields is beneficial to the economy, concentration on the defense sector has retarded growth in some other areas. Civilian-oriented laboratories or businesses have often been unable to match the salaries and the equipment that subsidized defense firms offer to scientists and engineers, and this has handicapped research and development for the civilian economy.

The third area which needs our attention is the growing influence of the military on education, with tremendous amounts going to colleges and universities in the form of defense-oriented research grants. Through these grants, the military can exercise great influence on science and technology in the United States. They can determine what research shall be carried out. More subtle, but perhaps more important, is the danger that the academic institutions may begin to tailor their whole direction and approach to court these research grants.

By establishing the criteria by which certain categories of students are drafted and certain others deferred, the military

(*Continued on page 44*)

—*Wide World.*

Gen. William C. Westmoreland addressing joint session of Congress, April 1967; (background) Vice President Humphrey and House Speaker John McCormack—"I hope that the people will bring some judgment to bear . . . on the influence of the military upon our domestic life."

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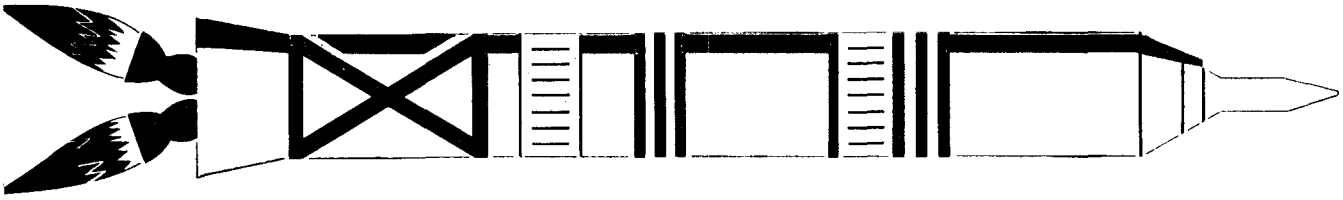

2. H-Bombs in the Back Yard

By DAVID R. INGLIS

A REPORTER for a small suburban newspaper recently visited a drilling rig on the edge of Clarendon Hills, a western suburb of Chicago, and inquired what was up. He learned that the Army was exploring for a suitable site for anti-ballistic missiles. A scientist from the suburban Argonne National Laboratory noticed the story; subsequent luncheon-table discussions aroused concern among scientists which soon spread to the Chicago news media. Insidious are the ways of military public relations, and this is how Chicago happened to learn that, if all goes as planned, it is to have H-bomb-tipped missiles installed in its own back yard, on the edge of Cook County upwind from the Loop.

When one of the scientists went to talk to the colonel in charge of the drilling operation, he was astounded to learn that the Sentinel installation was to include long-range Spartan missiles, in addition to the short-range Sprints. Only the Sprints might conceivably have some reason to be near a city if Congress should in the future opt for an attempt at city defense and authorize something much larger than the $5-billion Sentinel system. Later word from Lieut. Gen. A. D. Starbird, after a secret briefing in Chicago on November 29, is still more surprising: The site will have only long-range Spartans, no Sprints. Some other sites may get Sprints.

The capability claimed for the Sentinel system is that its Spartan missiles can stop a small attack by a few missiles —such as the Chinese might have in the mid-Seventies — if they are as primitive as our first ICBMs in lacking penetration aids. The Sprints of the system are mainly to protect its Spartans and the accompanying radar. An optional "kicker" in the system, as was explained by its promoters, is that its short-range Sprints might be used to provide some protection for our ICBMs in their underground silos, and thus slightly blunt a Soviet counterforce attack.

There are, of course, far-reaching implications of the decision to deploy an ABM system, implications for the stability of the nuclear deterrent, for the future of the entire arms race, and for the possibility of diplomatic initiatives that might reduce the likelihood of nuclear war. But there are, in addition, two purely local objections. First is the possibility that, in a limited nuclear war with the Soviet Union, local Spartans might draw enemy fire to the city. The Army's reply is that the population centers are prime targets in any event. But who knows? There has been long and vacillating argument about the "counterforce" and "counter-population" options of nuclear attack. Should an attacker spend his first salvos on the missiles of the enemy in an attempt to minimize retribution, or should he concentrate on doing "unacceptable damage" to the population and expect to take the brunt of a counterattack on his own population?

THE think-tank pendulum has swung between one and the other. Counter-population is the current style on our side, and that is what the Army means by saying the cities are prime targets in any event. But, who knows, the Soviet high command might believe in counterforce ten years from now. If they should follow this course, and on some tense occasion attack, they might decide to strike at the Spartans on the edge of Cook County that could conceivably defend some of our ICBMs. In the process they would devastate Chicago and pulverize some western suburbs. If, on the other hand, they decide to attack both types of targets, we will have helped them kill two birds with one stone.

An objection based on the distinction between limited and all-out nuclear war may seem not very serious because any nuclear war would represent a disastrous failure of policy, and it is hard to believe that it could remain limited. However, there is also no serious reason for the Spartans to be close to cities, since their effectiveness must be nearly uniform over the central part of the 600 to 1,000 mile-wide region they attempt to defend. This is implied in various official statements and in information given to Congress during debates leading up to the initial appropriations for the system. There was very little discussion of where the sites would be, but Congressman Sikes, floor leader for the Sentinel appropriation, stated in the House on July 29, 1968, that "these sites will be some distance away from the centers of population."

In reply to the sudden publicity, the Chicago *Sun-Times* of November 16 quoted Col. R. J. Bennett, information officer of the Huntsville, Alabama, missile center, as saying: "The Sentinel site near Chicago is necessary to complete the Sentinel defense of the entire United States. To make such a defense most effective, considering the projection of future defense needs, this site should be near the center of the greatest population."

Here is the tip-off of the Army's intentions. Congress has authorized the deployment of the Sentinel system and has funded its initial stages, particularly site acquisition. In the Senate debates, the main motivations for deployment given by the promoters of the system were defense against a Chinese attack and the protection it might afford against an accidental launching of a Soviet ICBM. There were a few Senators who frankly argued for it as a step toward a much larger anti-Soviet system, which is probably the real reason the inherently expansive Department of Defense supports it. The initial Sentinel, it was said,

ABM Sites in the Fifty States

The following cities have been selected by the Defense Department as desirable sites for ABM weapons.*

Albany, Ga.
Boston area:
† North Andover, Mass.
† Lynnfield, Mass.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill.
Dallas, Tex.
Detroit, Mich.
Grand Forks, N.D.
Great Falls, Mont.
Los Angeles, Calif.
New York, N.Y.
Oahu, Hawaii
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Francisco, Calif.
Seattle, Wash.
Sedalia, Mo.

*The selection of cities is subject to Congressional approval. Specific locations will be determined according to tactical considerations and local conditions.

†Sites confirmed.

David R. Inglis is senior physicist at Argonne National Laboratory.

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might serve as a "building block" for the much larger system. Still, it seems clear that most of the Senators who voted for the deployment—and the votes were fairly close—did so out of a feeling that, being in doubt, they should now support only the limited Sentinel system and either oppose the larger system or put off the larger decision. Thus in using a "projection of future defense needs" to justify putting Spartans near large populations, the Army seems to be jumping the gun on a Congressional decision and acquiring sites for the larger anti-Soviet system, under the guise of limited Sentinel deployment.

A second local objection to these sites is that there is some chance, probably very small, that one of the cluster of H-bomb warheads installed on the edge of the city might accidentally explode, and if it should, the consequent loss of life could be catastrophic. A surface burst or a shallow subsurface burst in a silo produces much more fallout—from vaporized and activated earth—than a normal explosion high in the air. The Spartan warhead is said to be "in the megaton range." This would indicate a weapon approximately a hundred times as powerful as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima from half a mile in the air. Its local fallout from an accidental subsurface burst would be highly lethal throughout a large metropolitan area and for many miles down-wind. There would be less blast damage than from an air burst, but it would still be widespread enough to flatten several suburbs.

An accidental explosion of a Sprint would, of course, be much less lethal. How much less is hard to say because we are told only that its warhead is much less powerful than a Spartan—"in the kiloton range." Taken literally, this could mean anywhere from one kiloton, or perhaps even less, to a hundred kilotons or more. Indications are, however, that it is considerably less powerful than the 20 kilotons of the Hiroshima bomb or the first A-bomb tested 100 feet above the New Mexico desert. Even so, it could pose a serious hazard in the vicinity because of the high amount of fallout produced by a shallow subsurface detonation. Whatever the uncertain magnitude of this Sprint hazard may be, an accidental burst of the monstrously powerful Spartan warhead would be calamitous indeed.

To this objection, Colonel Bennett was quoted, by the Chicago *Daily News* of November 15, as saying: "There has never been an accidental nuclear explosion. The control devices are so good and so involved that an accidental explosion is not a danger." This sounds like a good, commonsense attitude, the voice of experience. Many military personnel get accustomed to living with dangers. A soldier knows that the grenade he carries could blow him to bits if the pin were accidentally pulled, but after living with it on his belt for a year he forgets about the slight danger. Even so, most civilians would prefer not to live on a powder keg without some very good reason for doing so.

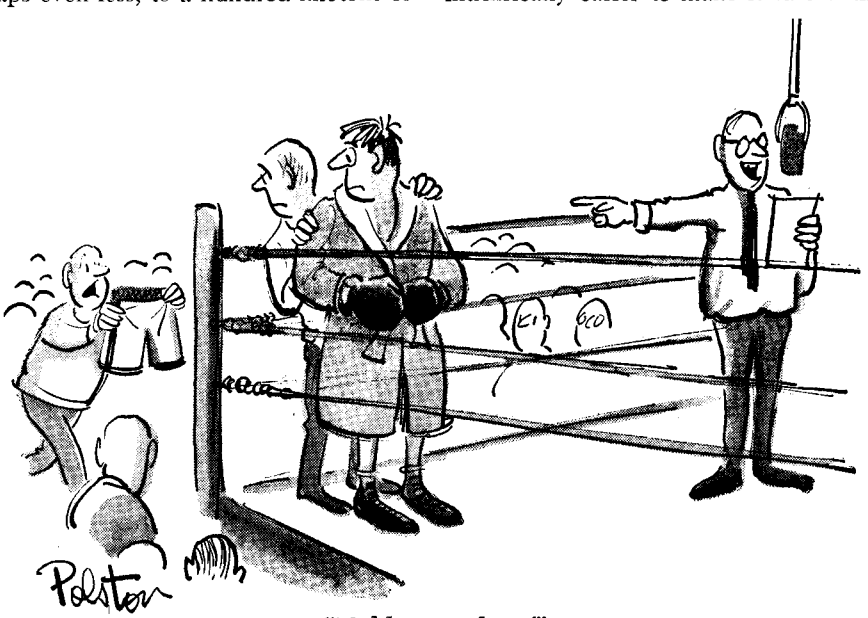
Designers have worked hard to make the control devices as effective as humanly possible, and they must be good, for the record is very good. It even happens to be perfect. We don't hear much about the near-accidents, but in the case of one H-bomb dropped accidentally in North Carolina in 1961, it was reported that five of the six safety devices had failed. There were six, and the bomb was "unarmed" so there was no detonation. An H-bomb in the bay of an airplane can be carried "unarmed," with one vital part to be inserted before dropping, because there is plenty of time to "arm" it on the way to the target. Thus it may be intrinsically easier to make it safe than it is for a missile such as the Sprint, which must be ready to fire within a few minutes of the first warning and within a fraction of a second of identification of its target. We haven't had experience with those yet. But even ignoring this distinction, the good record is not completely convincing.

Experience with bomb accidents is the sort of stuff that the study of statistical probabilities is made of. Let us think about a variant of the ghoulish game of "Russian Roulette." A six-shooter has a cylinder with six bullet slots. Suppose you are given one not knowing whether it is loaded. You are permitted to spin the cylinder ten times—or even a hundred times—and pull the trigger. You do so and it does not fire. You are then to point it at your head and pull the trigger. Would you feel sure that you would not kill yourself? Fairly sure? Yes. But certain? No.

THE armed forces have been storing or handling, let us say, 10,000 nuclear bombs for perhaps ten years. They point to the fact that none has exploded as proof that none will explode accidentally. They propose to store, at a guess, a thousand nuclear warheads near American cities for the next ten years. According to past experience, the probability that one of them will explode accidentally is not more than 10 per cent. Citizens of Chicago may take comfort that that is divided among ten cities or so, so locally there may be only about one chance in a hundred of serious trouble in the next ten years. That is about all that can be proved by Colonel Bennett's reference to the good record. It may be good common sense to ignore a small risk like one chance in a hundred, even if the event would be catastrophic, for one feels that life is full of dangers. But let us look at the small chances on the other side of the coin.

Why are we installing this Sentinel system? The reasons are confused; they involve China and Russia, they involve military and industrial pressures on Congress, and citizen anxiety or apathy and many other factors. So let us simplify again by considering only the official reasons given for the Sentinel deployment. Colonel Bennett said: "The Sentinel system is designed to defend the nation against a possible delivered missile attack by the Chinese Republic or an accidental launch of a nuclear-armed intercontinental missile by any foreign power."

The same Army spokesman who wants us to ignore the small chance of an accidental explosion at home by claiming that it does not exist is inviting us to worry about the chance that China, with a few missiles, will attack a country with thousands of missiles and to



"Hold everything!"

(*Continued on page 44*)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Cautious Hoorays

One of Neil Simon's most important abilities is not promising more than he delivers. And *Promises, Promises,* his adaptation of the 1960 movie *The Apartment,* into a musical, owes much of its success to a deliberate limitation of its scope. Given this story about Chuck Baxter, an unaggressive clerk who finds himself loaning his apartment to company executives for extramarital flings, Simon immediately prepares us not to expect any deep moral wrestling by having his protagonist simply state: "Some married men between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five find single girls between the ages of twenty-one and thirty more attractive than some married women between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five."

To make the audience like Chuck, who is, after all, a spineless opportunist, Simon emphasizes the character's absurd willingness to be accommodating. "I have no excuse," says the girl who has stood him up. "That's plenty good enough for me!" he replies cheerfully. But *Promises, Promises* stops short of ever becoming an out-and-out satire like *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.* Here we sympathize with Chuck because he appears to be constantly unhappy with his unrewarding life. To accomplish this, Simon uses the device of having Chuck speak his underlying discontent directly to the audience, plus a refinement of this device wherein the girl he likes, Fran Kubelik, sometimes inserts sentences he wishes she'd say, in the middle of very neutral conversations.

The effectiveness of Simon's adaptation makes the show seem more like a comedy with incidental songs than a musical. Indeed, one suspects that composer Burt Bacharach and lyricist Hal David have deliberately subordinated their score to the function of supplying big-city rhythms that will echo the frenetic and noisy quality of New York without prolonging themselves into big numbers. As a result, we absorb the lyrics only vaguely. "Where Can You Take a Girl?" gently outlines the plight of the married man in a way that is both comic and touching. "She Likes Basketball" manages to suggest the ridiculousness of a fellow overjoyed to find a trivial point of compatibility with a girl. "Knowing When to Leave" contrasts the anxiety of a girl's ambivalent attraction to a handsome heel with her awareness of a wiser course of action.

However, it is not until the middle of the second act that we are treated to a change of pace from the hard-pumping sophistication of Bacharach's music with a delightfully simple and relaxed ballad, "I'll Never Fall in Love Again." The title song is saved for last, and nominally expresses Chuck's relief at freeing himself from his demeaning situation at the office. And here, as throughout the show, the ecstasy is limited. Chuck and Fran may marry but they will be happier playing gin rummy than they will in bed.

Similarly, the dance numbers staged by Michael Bennett are shrewdly brief. Even the most energetic, a Christmas office party going berserk, manages to do so with a small number of performers using the utmost discipline.

Director Robert Moore has staged the whole proceedings with a remarkably smooth blending of outright comedy and the sad reality that underlies the action. While we occasionally yearn for some larger and more caustic indictment of the institutions and hypocrisies that demean these characters' lives, we recognize the wisdom of restraint. Accurate observation, not probing analysis, is what we were promised.

Jerry Orbach is most likable as Chuck, making him seem naïve but never stupid. Jill O'Hara brings a special vocal quality to the role of Fran. Edward Winter seems a little too patently the big-time operator as the married man who has been making Fran miserable, but this may be necessary to keep the focus on Chuck. A. Larry Haines is very funny as the doctor who lives across the hall and credits Chuck with *all* the sexual goings-on in the apartment. And Marian Mercer is hilarious as a girl dressed in an "owl coat" who seduces Chuck into taking her home with him by constantly insisting that she is not that kind of girl.

Robin Wagner's settings suggest the surrounding impersonality of the big city, and Donald Brooks's costumes seem appropriately slept-in. This is right, for *Promises, Promises* is a musical about little lives, and if you will accept it as that, you will be entertained.

Chuck Baxter is one kind of failure, a man forced into a small revolt against a system he believes in. Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine,* on the other hand, gives us a failure who beats the system by never accepting it. We meet the young man in his cold-water garret as he learns that the girl he has loved at a distance since his high school days is coming to see him. The impending visit sets off a chain of memories tracing the history of his two careers: one as an unsuccessful painter, the other as an unsuccessful lover.

As Jimmy, Dustin Hoffman displays the same genuineness that worked so well in *The Graduate,* plus an overflow of clowning talent unrivaled since Alan Arkin rose to stardom in *Enter Laughing* five years ago. He is great washing dishes in a sink filled with a cake of ice which, because it cools his beer, takes first priority. Instead of moving the impediment, he blithely wets his dish mop on top of the melting ice cake and kids himself that he is doing a first-rate cleanup job. Much of the fun in his performance is furnished by the imaginative ways he deals with one ridiculous situation. It seems that since childhood the proximity of romantic love makes Jimmy so nervous that he has an attack of diarrhea. So while he is waiting for Elizabeth, he fantasizes an Ionesco-like notion in which the minutes are extended to years, so that by the time of her arrival he is a decrepit old man. But even in his fantasy, his affliction remains operative and his dying wish to make love to Elizabeth is absurdly preceded by a feeble request for the bedpan. Hoffman does this superbly, as he does many other engaging bits during the evening. And his good nature and energy unaffectedly shine through a couple of dances to songs written by John Sebastian for the show.

Enjoying themselves with him are Cleavon Little as a swinging guru from San Francisco; Eli Mintz as the obsessed proprietor of a fish market; Gale Dixon as the nymphomaniac Jimmy bombs out with; Barbara Cason as a stern schoolteacher who metamorphosizes into a sexpot at the end of the school day; Susan Sullivan as the predatory Elizabeth; and Rose Gregorio as the prostitute whose simple barter relationship Jimmy fantasizes into great lovership.

Whatever misgivings we may have about a play which merely describes one lazy and ineffectual nonconformist's defense mechanisms against society, it does provide a talented actor a marvelous opportunity to perform with relaxed abandon and to indulge freely any theatrically inventive impulse that occurs to him. Because Dustin Hoffman so joyously fulfills this loosely written scenario, *Jimmy Shine* scores a warm victory over its apparent shiftlessness, in much the same way as its leading character beats the system by simply being his own unsuccessful self.

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What to Do About Biafra

TWO questions were asked of Germans in the early years after the Second World War. First: How could you not have known about the persecution, the concentration camps, and the slaughter under the Nazis? Second: What did you do about it?

The questions generally produced two increasingly familiar answers. First, that it was only much later, after the war, that the full dimensions of the horror became known. The Nazis were very adept at telling the German people only what they wanted them to know. Second, that even if the people had known about the official program of extermination against the Jews, the power of the Nazis was so thoroughgoing that any protests or action would have been instantly crushed.

These questions and these answers have furnished the basis for one of history's most awesome debates: Can the citizens of a country ever be exempted fully from the actions of their government? Shouldn't even the severest penalties be risked if the sense of outrage is strong enough? Can any government be impervious to the volcanic shocks of an outraged public opinion?

The issues of such a debate have once again become alive and relevant. This time, however, they have been projected onto a world stage. For in a world that has suddenly been compressed into a single geographic community, mutual vulnerability creates mutual responsibility. Individual nations now bear the same relationship to the world as a whole as individual citizens have had to their own nations. If it was right at Nuremberg to hold men accountable for the actions of their government, so the nations must now be charged with ultimate responsibility for the human condition.

This brings us to Biafra. This past month alone almost 400,000 Biafrans have perished of starvation. This month, 750,000 are expected to die; next month, the number will exceed 1,000,000, and by March Biafra could be a dead land. So far, the war and the food blockade have cost the lives of 2,500,000 people. Most of the dead are children. No one can say we have no knowledge of what has been happening in Biafra. No one can say we are without means to help.

It is no answer to say that the United States should not intervene in the affairs of other nations. The United States *has* repeatedly intervened—in Lebanon, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Laos, Vietnam, and elsewhere. It has intervened in behalf of its national interests. The issue, therefore, is how we define the national interest. Why is it in the national interest to intervene for the purpose of installing or supporting a government friendly to us, but not in the national interest to help spare millions of people from deliberate starvation? Why is the national interest so often associated with power plays and not with those great thrusts of the moral imagination that in the end determine a people's place in history? The essential struggle in the world today is a struggle of values. If we cannot command the respect and support of most of the world's peoples, then it will make little difference how many megatons of nuclear power we have accumulated. Moral isolation is the ultimate defeat.

What is it that the United States should do in Biafra? No one is urging the United States to intervene militarily. But a food airlift comparable to the one we set up for Berlin in 1948 would make it clear that we are not beyond the dictates of conscience. The problem is not in making food available; the problem is in getting the food through the blockade. Here it is fruitless to argue whether the Nigerian restrictions or the Biafran demands are chiefly responsible for the mass starvation. The fact is that the food is not getting through, and it seems inconceivable that the United States, which prides itself both on its vast power and its sense of responsibility, seems completely bereft of ideas for saving millions of lives. We can fly in the food under the American flag.

Even more inexplicable is the silence of the United States about the massive supply of arms by Great Britain and the Soviet Union to Nigeria and the smaller shipment by France to Biafra. The United States has not hesitated to denounce the Soviet Union for military intervention elsewhere; why make an exception for what the Soviet Union is doing today in Nigeria?

Some editorialists have argued that the quickest way to end the mass starvation in Biafra would be for the Biafrans to stop fighting for what is essentially a lost cause. One hundred and ninety years ago, there were no doubt many voices in Europe saying that the struggling Americans would be well advised to give up their fruitless and foredoomed war against the omnipotent British. The American people had complete contempt for such advice then, and they should not be too surprised if the Biafrans react the same way now.

Whatever may be said about the need to prevent the fragmentation of Africa, the governing fact is that the Biafrans believe they are fighting for their freedom and their survival, and they are not likely to abandon those convictions because outsiders have a different view. What the United States can do, as Senator Edward M. Kennedy recently suggested, is to identify itself actively and vigorously with the demand for a cease-fire, for an abrupt and monitored end of arms shipments to both countries, and for full and prompt food and medical shipments to the beleaguered people.

Most of the Biafran death toll each day consists of children. These young lives must not remain a statistical abstraction. One suspects that a parade through Times Square of several thousand starving Biafran children would blast this country out of its moral inertia over Biafra. Every one of these children is not less precious nor has less of a claim on life than an American child. Perhaps the absence of such a parity in our thinking is where the trouble lies. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Whitey's Deaf Ear

REGARDING BURT KORALL'S article, "The Music of Protest" [*SR*, Nov. 16], it appears that once again black people are being deprived of their history. His statement that "the prime movers are white. . . . The black man generally remains repressed and is less inclined to show his true face—musically, anyway" astounded me. How very little he knows about us!

The black man has always shown his "true face" through his music. What were the slave songs about? Since no assemblage of any form was allowed, the black's unique use of his songs was his only method of communication. "No More Auction Block" was a typical slave song. And the spirituals, what were they about? Songs such as "I'm Gonna Tell God All'a My Troubles" and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen." Yes, there were our work songs such as "Tol' My Cap'N" and "Jerry." Indeed, the black man has shown his anguish and emotional strain in his songs. And don't forget such protest singers as Leadbelly, Oscar Brown, Jr., Sam and Dave, Leon Bibb, to mention a few.

Somehow whitey turned a deaf ear while we were vocalizing in protest until the beatniks, the hippies, and the yippies appeared, and, alas, whitey heard again and took all the credit! May I suggest that Korall begin extending his knowledge of black protest songs by first reading *Negro Slave Songs in the United States*, by Miles Mark Fisher. He need go only as far as the streets (the ghetto, of course) of New Orleans or any city, especially Southern, to see and hear the guitar-playing and protest-singing of the black man.

DOLORES CLARKE HILL,
Savannah, Ga.

Civilian Review

IN HIS EDITORIAL, "The Public and the Police" [*SR*, Nov. 2], Hallowell Bowser referred to the "short-lived Civilian Complaint Review Board" and added that the board was voted out of existence in 1966. . . ."

Our board is not dead. The effect of the legislation in 1966 was to mandate a board composed of persons who had been employees of the New York City Police Department for at least one year. The New York police commissioner, on November 22, 1966, established a new board composed of five civilian employees of the department.

LOUIS L. STUTMAN,
Chairman, Civilian Complaint
Review Board, Police Department,
City of New York, N.Y.

Student Participation

CHARLES FRANKEL'S ARTICLE, "Student Power: The Rhetoric and the Possibilities" [*SR*, Nov. 2], can only confuse discussions of student power.

For instance, to argue that students "exercise an influence as large as any other group's in bringing about alterations in higher education," merely because college curriculums have responded to demographic and sociological changes in the student body, surely stretches the generally accepted concept of "influence." By this usage, one could argue that the black population of Rhodesia has had great influence on that country's Government since so many laws have been established by the white minority as a response to them.

The use of "academic freedom" as an argument against student participation in faculty evaluation is completely invalid. Academic freedom refers to a faculty member's right to teach and publish what he believes to be true. While an evaluation of his professional competence as a scholar may be made only by his peers, academic freedom does not imply that this is the sole criterion on which he should be judged. In addition to scholarship, a faculty member's teaching effectiveness and contributions to the college are also legitimate criteria, and there is no reason why students cannot help judge in these areas.

ROBERT BIRNBAUM,
Acting Vice Chancellor,
The City University of New York,
New York, N.Y.

Only His Wigger Knew for Sure

I RECENTLY READ N.C.'s editorial, "The Issue Beyond the Beards" [*SR*, Nov. 9]. I am a semi-longhair who is rapidly losing that substance through natural causes. I am very interested, therefore, in artificial hair and read avidly on the subject.

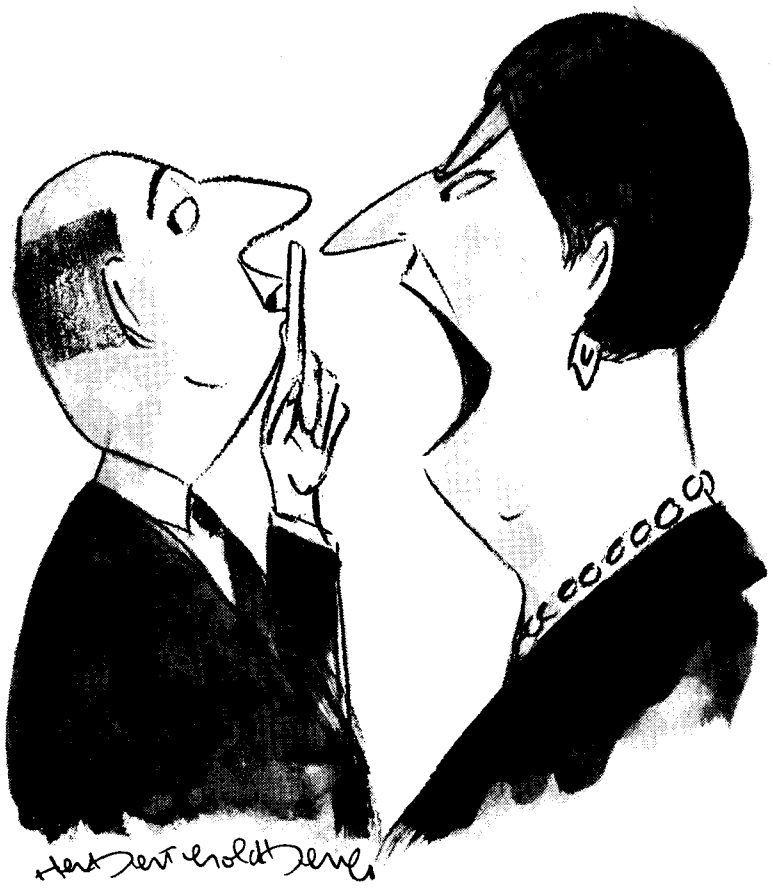
A few weeks ago, I heard a talk on wigs in Williamsburg, Virginia, in which it was stated that George Washington never wore a wig because it was too much fuss, and he did not have the time for such things. I anticipate that my career will not involve such heavy responsibilities as the General's and that I will have the time for such frippery, but I am very confused as to whether the illustrious George really wore a hairpiece as N.C. states, or preferred the natural look of his own hair. Does the lady in the wig shop in Williamsburg know? Who can answer the mystery of the General's hair?

GEORGE BALLANTYNE,
Grosse Pointe University School,
Grosse Point, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Charles C. Wall, resident director of Mount Vernon, reports that although the General was so topped in the Gilbert Stuart portraits, he never wore a wig, preferring his own hair tied back and powdered.*

REGARDING N.C.'s EDITORIAL, in a society such as ours which champions instant "turn-ons" as well as instant solutions to all our problems, it is little wonder that youth seeks an "instant" solution to the world's ills. Thus, yelling vociferously for peace becomes more of an end than a means. The longer, more permanent answer through pressing "for the development of effective and enforceable mechanisms of disarmament and control" is considerably less glamorous and much less noticed.

GEORGINA H. LEON,
New Wales, Pa.



"Hush, my dear! You're contributing to the noise pollution!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Fagin, Youse Is a Good Guy

TIMES CHANGE. Some twenty years ago, a British film version of *Oliver Twist* was all but railroaded out of American theaters because of protests over its characterization of Fagin, which was felt by some to be a little too Goebbels-like in its caricature. Now, Columbia Pictures is out with its British-made version of *Oliver!*, the musical based on the novel, and it is Fagin (in the person of Ron Moody) who steals the show—that is, what show there is.

Mr. Moody took the part for the first year of the run in London, and it is fortunate indeed, for he succeeds in making Fagin not only sympathetic, but a sort of hero in wolf's clothing. Oh, sure, he sends the kids out to steal wallets, scarves, handkerchiefs, and such; he's a receiver of stolen goods; he's miserly. But he's never really unkind or cruel, and it can be said for him that he gives his waifs a home, warm beds at night, and a means of livelihood in cruel, clamorous London. In fact, one suspects the screenwriter, Vernon Harris, in addition to finding a mass audience acceptability for the character, began to really *like* Fagin, and even to find in him the embodiment of a social message.

Instead of hanging him in the end, as Dickens did, Mr. Harris nearly has Fagin turn straight, so touched is he to the cockles of his chilled heart by cute little Oliver. But not quite. He's really been having such a good time with his boys, and the fun of picking pockets, that he decides to resume his career—albeit more cautiously. For a musical film, this conception is not at all hard to take. More than that, it allows Moody to be brilliant as actor, singer, mime, and dancer. When the focus is on Fagin, the show is fine—but, when it isn't, it's fairly ordinary stuff, with Shani Wallis, who comes out of the belting rather than singing tradition, a standard Nancy; Oliver Reed not particularly menacing as Bill Sykes; and Mark Lester angelic as Oliver.

The direction by Carol Reed is quite good in its old-hat way, but where the show falls down lamentably is in its many dancing sequences. These are so out of key, so far behind even the Broadway-musical times, as to be an embarrassment. Best to avert one's eyes until that marvelous chap, Fagin, appears again.

"Well, if that's the way you feel, give me back my twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four colly birds, three French hens, two turtledoves, and the partridge in the pear tree!"

United Artists has its children's fantasy, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, here in time for the holiday season, and it can be recommended for children and is also reasonably bearable for adults. Ever since *Mary Poppins* and *The Sound of Music* brought the whole family together at the movies, enterprising producers have been looking for similar success formulas. Last year's *Dr. Dolittle* failed to make it, but this year's entry has, I think, a better chance.

Building on a small children's tale by Ian Fleming, producer Albert Broccoli has wrapped his cheerful package around a rebuilt model 1908 racing car that flies, floats, and emits the title sound. The inventor who achieves this miracle is played by Dick Van Dyke (who is creating such a cheerful image for himself that he may soon be able to run for governor of California), and his lady love by the eminently viewable and listenable Sally Ann Howes. They, with two of the usual adorable English children, take off for a land where children are not only not wanted, but gathered up by a fearsome child-catcher. The story, as written by Roald Dahl and the director, Ken Hughes, doesn't rise much above the level of mechanical fantasy, but it's lively, noisy, sometimes pretty, occasionally diverting.

Old-time burlesque has been bathed in a warm glow by producer Norman Lear and director William Friedkin in *The Night They Raided Minsky's*. I suspect, though, they were slightly misguided in assuming that the accidental discovery of the striptease would be sufficient excuse for a story. The film informs us that a sheltered Amish girl came to New York one day imbued with the ambition to be a dancer and took her clothes off piece by piece at a Minsky burlesque house in the Twenties. Britt Ekland plays this girl, very cutely; Jason Robards and Norman Wisdom, as two burlesque clowns, vie for her affections; and Danny Daniels provides the staging of the sketches, dances, and musical numbers. There is also a nostalgic last bit by Bert Lahr. Fast-paced and cleverly put together as it is, the film suffers from the flimsiness of the plot.

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Give an old friend an old friend.

Look for the oldest name in Scotch in the newest of holiday cartons. The red band slides off to create a pristine all-white gift package.

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Are the holidays just an excuse to drink yourself under the table?

Remember last year?

Well, this year won't be any different.

There'll be a party at somebody's house every night in December.

And a blast at the office on the 24th.

And an awful lot of people will have one drink more than they usually do—one more drink than they can really handle—because, "after all, it's Christmas."

And while we love the holidays and enjoy a party just as much as you do, we don't care much for that approach.

And neither would you, if you made a Bourbon as good as ours.

We've been Bourbon makers since 1795. Using recipes that are even older than that. And our pride and joy—Beam's Choice—is much too good to throw away on people who intend, for some silly reason, to overindulge.

Beam's Choice is an 8-year-old Bourbon. It's charcoal-filtered after aging. And we think it's about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get.

So whether you buy it in the gift-wrapped bottle for a friend, or in the plain green label for yourself, as long as you're both grown-up about it, we know you'll enjoy it.

We'd just like to leave you with this parting shot.

We're responsible for making good Bourbon. But if you misuse it, only you can be responsible for that.

EIGHT YEARS OLD. 86 AND 90 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. ENJOYED AND PROTECTED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

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MAX NOMAD

A Radical's Real Reasons

George Charney's autobiography reveals how the abnormal events of the Thirties led a normal man to seek a career in Communism.

THERE are rebels and rebels. Some conspire to overthrow their country's government. Some are terrorists, risking or sacrificing their lives in an effort to destroy a particularly hateful representative of he powers that be. Others become guerrillas. There are also those who are ess temperamental and might be called radicals rather than rebels; they levote themselves to the propaganda of revolutionary ideas for the purpose of winning over the masses, or else use their literary talents to lefend their specific doctrines.

Are they, as a rule, conscious of what has made them choose their 'careers"? Is it compassion for the victims of injustice? Hatred of tyranny? ,ove of freedom? Or is it merely envy of the overprivileged? In most ases it is probably a mixture of all these ingredients. It is a wise man vho knows his own motives and does not conceal them from himself ,ehind a thick veil of rationalizations. For, as J. P. Morgan is credited vith having said, there are two kinds of reason for man's actions: his 'good reasons" and his "real reasons."

What were the real reasons, aside from the political situation, that nduced George Charney to join the Communist Party? Some passages in \ *Long Journey* (Quadrangle, 340 pp., $7.50), in the chapter entitled College Years and After," point to his realization that he would not be able ,y individual effort to rise above the status of the average member of the ower middle class. A student of economics, he failed in his attempts to ,nter upon an academic career. As a white-collar employee in the fur ,usiness and, after studying law, a clerk in an attorney's office, he gradu,lly developed sufficient interest in radicalism to move him to join the Communist Party in 1933, at the height of the Depression. He was about hirty at the time, an age at which, under normal circumstances, a Euro,ean radical would be on the verge of becoming a veteran (Lenin at thir,y was called "the old man" by his followers). But those were not normal imes. Hence Charney, a normal man not given to excessive ideological ,nthusiasms, apparently yielded chiefly to the impact of abnormal factors nknown to the typical radical of the preceding decades: the menace of Fascism, a catastrophic depression, and the rising prestige of Soviet Comnunism—a system capable of challenging the one that doomed Charney o remain an underling.

In other words, Charney's radicalism was neither that of a dreamer ,nthralled by the beauty of a utopian ideal, nor that of a romantic aching or a heroic death, nor that of a philosophical hair-splitter interested in he fine points of revolutionary theories. He was a "realist" who joined n organization that was part and parcel of a power determined to hange the world in its own image and in its own interest. A nonbeliever

MAX NOMAD was active in the European revolutionary underground at the turn of the entury. He is the author of *Rebels and Renegades*, *Apostles of Revolution*, and other ,ooks dealing with social movements.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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but apparently in quest of a new religion, he accepted Marxism as a revelation which allayed all his doubts and convinced him that, unlike the old-time radicals, he was out for the "inevitable," the "sure thing"—to paraphrase the distinction once made by the brilliant columnist Simeon Strunsky between the non-Marxist romantics and the Marxist "realists."

AFTER joining the Communist Party, Charney continued working as a law clerk, while devoting all his free time to such activities as committee meetings, making speeches, distributing leaflets, selling the *Daily Worker*, and so on. He was not always in agreement with the orders given him by the higher-ups. The Party insisted that the leaflets he distributed should always end with the slogan "For a Soviet America." Charney and some of his friends felt that such a slogan would not help spread the Communist gospel among American workers, who might be inclined to follow the Communists if they thought the Party was interested in *their* welfare and nothing else. But the objections were overruled on the grounds that they were "opportunistic." Charney apparently did not realize until much later that the primary and most important object of his activities was to turn American workers into Soviet patriots. His naïveté was matched only by that of his bosses, who actually thought they might win a mass following in the United States.

After a year and a half of part-time work for the organization, Charney was offered a full-time post as a Party functionary in New England. With the Depression still going full blast and no end in sight, he may have realized that his law-clerk job was just as insecure as that of any other white-collar worker. So he accepted the offer, which, after all, meant steady government employment, even though the "government" in question was not that of the United States.

His "official post," as he puts it, was "organizational secretary of the New England district." He was to be second in command to his district organizer, who, he later realized, was actually a representative of the Communist International, entrusted with the task of keeping a watchful eye on all Party activities, the Party being—as Charney possibly did not realize at the time—merely an instrument of the Kremlin's Foreign Office, of which the Communist International was an unofficial branch.

Charney further reveals his naïveté by expressing amusement mixed with boredom at the district organizer's insistence on the importance of choral singing as an aspect of the Party's activities. It did not occur to him that such performances, being the closest approach to mass prayer, may be a good substitute for religion, or, rather, part of a new religion whose Supreme Being was the Soviet régime. And men in a religious mood have no doubts and ask no embarrassing questions.

In the course of his propaganda work among various groups of foreign-born workers Charney made the sad discovery that, for all their acceptance of the allegedly internationalist gospel of Communism, those "comrades" at heart still harbored prejudices against the Jews. He also discovered that what the rank and file members assimilated best from Communist teaching was hatred for Right-wing and Left-wing heretics who opposed the Party "line." For man is essentially a hating animal, and hatred is the best cement for maintaining organizational cohesion.

In 1937 Charney was, at his own request, shifted back to New York, where he was to remain throughout the remainder of his Party career. In the course of those two decades he rose to the post of top organizer for the State of New York, eventually becoming a member of the national Politburo. During that period Party policies went through many changes. The Depression had helped it to attract unemployed intellectuals and self-educated workers. As a result, it was able to supply some of the budding unions of semi-skilled and unskilled workers with capable organizers. Eventually what had once been a comparatively tiny sect became a movement.

The Communists suffered a temporary setback as a result of the Soviet-Nazi Pact of 1939. Many intellectuals left the Party and never came back. Hitler's invasion of Russia in 1941 and the Red Army's participation in the war against the Fascist powers helped the Communists to regain the popularity they had lost; but then, during the 1950s, came a series of blows that virtually destroyed the Party in the U.S. Stalin's appetite for power ushered in the era of the Cold War, in the course of which the Communists and their sympathizers were regarded as agents of Moscow. Most of their leaders, including Charney, were arrested and indicted under a special law known as the Smith Act. It is an ironical fact that only a few years earlier the Communists had approved of the arrest and conviction, under the Smith Act, of the Trotskyites because of their opposition to America's participation in World War II.

Charney was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but was released after a few months. During the 1950s he saw the total disintegration of the party to which he had devoted the best years of his life. The persecutions of the McCarthy period had frightened away many members and sympathizers. Unions that the Communists had helped to build up, and which they had controlled for quite a while, eventually broke away. And then came the final blow in the form of Khrushchev's "secret" speech of 1956 denouncing the crimes of Stalin, the idol of Communists the world over.

In the course of his twenty-five-year Party activities Charney had often had his doubts about the Moscow trials, the

—*Wide World.*

George B. Charney (r.) with Arnold S. Johnson and Albert Francis Landon after their conviction under the Smith Act—"men in a religious mood have no doubts and ask no embarrassing questions."

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purges, and other aspects of Stalin's rule, but had never dared to express them. Party membership and leadership were his life, not merely his livelihood. He shuddered at the thought of being expelled and thus losing contact with his world. He would have liked to see the Party adapt its policies to conditions in the United States, as recommended by Earl Browder, the top leader until 1945 when he was demoted on Moscow's orders. But Charney kept silent, as did the others. He knew that once expelled he would be dead politically. For the rank-and-filers are power and symbol worshippers, and have no use for cast-out heretics.

Khrushchev's speech, the bloody suppression of the liberal Communist régime in Hungary, and, finally, the revelations concerning Soviet anti-Semitism caused mass desertions from the Party. A revolt was now brewing among the leaders: many of the outstanding militants who hitherto had not dared to come out into the open rose against William Z. Foster, the ultra-Stalinist who, even after Khrushchev's speech, could see in Stalin's monstrous mass murders only "errors." But the potential followers of the mutinous leaders had already left the Party in disgust. Charney stuck it out until 1958, in the vain hope of seeing his point of view prevail, or at least tolerated. Tolerance, however, is a bad word in the "regular" Communist vocabulary. So Charney was removed from his prominent post and relegated to a subordinate job, whereupon he resigned.

FREE at last, Charney could discuss to his heart's content with all the other renegades the shortcomings of Marxism and Leninism and their inapplicability to American reality. But he did not join the ranks of those who, disappointed with Sovietism, went over to the ultra-reactionary enemies of all social progress.

Unfortunately, however, his desire to ward off accusations of having "sold out" has led him to add a touch of involuntary humor to this memoir. He says that he "cannot refer to the Soviet Union as a totalitarian state."

All in all, here is a tormented soul, a well-intentioned critic of social injustice, who but for the great Depression might have expressed his protest by joining the Democratic Socialists headed by Norman Thomas rather than the followers of William Z. Foster, America's would-be Stalin.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Chutzpa?

IN HIS REVIEW of James Yaffe's book *The American Jews* [*SR*, Dec. 7] Chaim Potok writes: "Mr. Yaffe tells us that a small but growing number of Jews and Christians are moving towards a synthesis of Judaism and Christianity. Yet it seems doubtful that much of either faith remains truly significant in the sort of synthesis he describes, because for the most part it is entered into by those who know least about their respective faiths."

In re your glossary of Yiddish, such a *kvitch* from Mr. Potok is pure *chutzpa*.

HARVEY BUCHANAN.
Gates Mills, O.

Hawkish Criticism

I AM DISAPPOINTED with William Kintner's review of Senator McGovern's book *A Time for War/A Time for Peace* [*SR*, Nov. 23]. About three-fourths of Kintner's statement is devoted to what appears to me at least, to be a hawkish criticism of the Senator's foreign policy speeches. One-fourth serves to mildly commend his domestic stand.

A necessary prerequisite to any kind of peace today is American and Russian coexistence, which becomes impossible as long as there is mutual suspicion and fear between the two countries. Such suspicion leads to cold war, and cold war leads to shooting and bombing war, which, under present conditions, ends in genocide. This trend is much easier to start than it is to stop.

AVERY D. WEAGE.
Scribner, Neb.

The Secret Readers

ELAINE L. KONIGSBURG SAID in her article [*SR*, Nov. 9] what I said to my husband when I saw the cover: Elizabeth (my three-month-old baby) must read good books, and I'll read all the ones she does so we can discuss. So now I've been told that discussion as I know it is obviously not the same as the child's version. Of course, I knew this all along, but who wants to admit it?

Actually, I enjoyed being reminded of my childhood reading hours. I doubt if I was ever fooling my mother when I'd be wrapped in a blanket, sitting in the closet late at night, and reading by the 40-watt light bulb. *Charlotte's Web* never would have seemed real on a late-night TV show.

KATHRYN C. FRANZINO.
Ithaca, N.Y.

A "Womanly" Woman

MAY I ADD A THOUGHT to the fine letter of E. V. Wright in *SR*, Nov. 13.

To the modern male author the really "womanly" woman is a cross between a nymphomaniac and a plain maniac—a willing sex object who welcomes every sort of sexual abuse from her man, and then obligingly drops out of his life without recriminations when he tires of her. Even her children are secondary to her sex mania.

What this "womanly" woman *is* is a figment of the male's most optimistic and most salacious daydreams: a freak with a male mind, a male libido, and a female body—not a woman. I'm thinking particularly of the female characters created by O'Hara and Updike; but they're all alike.

Breast-feeding of male babies may be a mistake, after all. It gives them a cross-eyed fixation on the female breast that decades of weaning doesn't always correct. If some enterprising young male author could wrench his eyes away from woman's bosom long enough to find out what goes on inside her head, he might make a great name for himself. Shakespeare did it.

E. C. DAVIS.
Sarasota, Fla.

No Meager Reputation

SHAME ON Edward M. Potoker for his petulant and puerile attack on Harry Zohn in Book Forum, Nov. 30. It is obvious that Mr. Potoker is grasping at small straws when he is so concerned with Mr. Zohn's (incidentally) correct and extended use of the word "generation" in "several generations of college students." If Mr. Potoker will refer to Merriam-Webster, he will find the following definition of "generation" under *c*: "a group of individuals having contemporaneously a status (as that of students in a school) which each one holds only for a limited period."

As for Mr. Zohn's "reputation as a translator," many educators are in agreement that there is hardly a more conscientious, skillful and gifted scholar around. For example, his translation of Jacob Burckhardt's *On History and Historians* is presently recommended reading at Wellesley College.

JACOB KISNER.
New York, N.Y.

Mrs. R. About USSR

IT WILL BE FASCINATING to secure and absorb Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*, particularly the ". . . magnificent chapter . . ." which contains an ". . . historical drawing . . . of 'Mrs. R.' (transparently Eleanor Roosevelt), who, as a grotesquely gullible chairman of a foreign delegation is shown a shameless 'Potemkin village' . . ." [*SR*, Sept. 14].

I intend neither a criticism of Mr. Solzhenitsyn's novel, nor a point of contention with the reviewer, Maurice Friedberg. I would only remind readers that Mrs. R's later visit to Russia in 1957 shows her to be insightful and discerning (Eleanor Roosevelt, *On My Own*, pp. 229-277). Too flippant critics of the early traveler in Russia should in fairness examine the later traveler.

ELMO PASCALE.
Lincoln, Ill.

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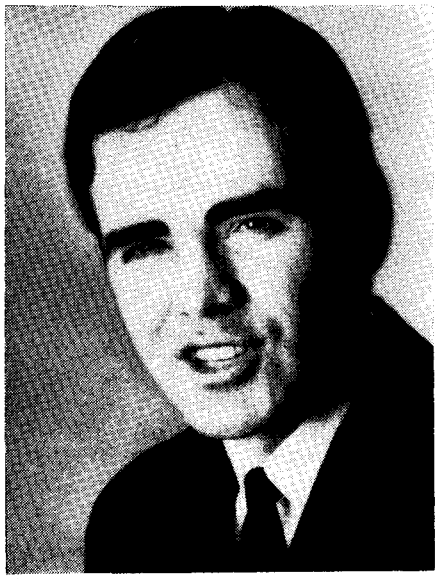
Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Both John William Corrington, author of *The Lonesome Traveler and Other Stories* (Putnam, $5.95), and Cormac McCarthy, author of *Outer Dark* (Random House, $4.95), are Southerners. Corrington and Miller Williams, in their introduction to *Southern Writers in the Sixties,* have named four qualities that they regard as characteristically Southern: a strong concern with religion of the Calvinist variety; a deep awareness of the past; a pervasive feeling for the land; a powerful sense of responsibility, not only to others but also for the self. All these qualities are unmistakable in Corrington's work and they are at least implicit in McCarthy's.

Corrington, perhaps more than most Southern writers, is preoccupied with the past and particularly with that supremely important event in Southern history, the War Between the States. In *And Wait for the Night* he wrote about one phase of that war, the fighting around Shreveport, with a passionate feeling for the issues involved, and the war figures in several tales in the present volume. It is directly and dramatically portrayed in "First Blood," an affecting story about an old man's sense of moral responsibility. It is subtly reflected in "Reunion," in which a fourteen-year-old boy tells about a pilgrimage to Gettysburg with his grandfather on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. It is essential to an understanding of "A Time to Embrace," which tells how a woman lived alternately with the two men suing for her hand and married neither. The question, of course, is why, and a man and two youths, sixty years later, try to find an answer. The method is that of Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* and very effectively used.



Cormac McCarthy—a world of demons.

OF the stories set more or less in modern times, the most impressive are the title story and one that has not been published before, "If Time Were Not/A Moving Thing." "The Lonesome Traveler" sets forth the adventures, in 1935, of a cub reporter, just out of Princeton, who is sent to report an expected lynching for a Memphis newspaper. On the way to the scene he encounters a traveling salesman of Bibles, a strange figure, an amnesiac who has named himself Abel Gone. Abel reappears from time to time in the course of the reporter's startling experiences and tries to interpret them. Developing his two themes, one of which is symbolic rather than realistic, Corrington arrives at an ironical climax.

"If Time Were Not" alternates two stories, set a century apart. One, told in the first person, portrays some years in the life of a New Orleans woman at the time of the Civil War. Although she has a husband, she regards herself as the Bride of Christ and her twins as His children. The contemporary story describes Mr. Posey, a railroad man, a widower, who suffers agonies as he watches accounts of disasters on television and yet is compelled to turn on the news. With another nice bit of irony, the announcer always says of the sponsoring company, "They care." Mr. Posey does care, and his caring leads him to a mystical experience.

There are several other stories, each of them good in its way but none quite so original as those I have mentioned. When I read Corrington's second novel, *The Upper Hand* (*SR*, June 24, 1967), I felt that he was not merely a very good Southern writer but a very good writer. The short stories point to the same conclusion.

Cormac McCarthy grew up in Tennessee, and that is the presumable scene of both his novels. (Tennessee is not the Deep South, but Corrington and Miller say it is more "Southern" than North Carolina.) The mountain people with whom McCarthy deals seem to have little interest in history and no sense of belonging to the South, but they have a strong feeling for their part of the country, and the theme of *Outer Dark* is religious in a curiously unorthodox fashion.

Outer Dark, which is set somewhere in the past, begins with a man and woman, brother and sister as it turns out, who are living in a crude hut in the wilderness. She gives birth to a child, of which he is presumably the father, and he leaves it in the woods, where it is found by a tinker. The man, Culla Holme, goes away in search of work. The woman, when she has sufficiently recovered, sets out in search of the tinker and the baby. The novel, following first one and then the other, describes their miseries until the horrifying climax is reached.

In one of Corrington's stories we read about an itinerant preacher who "claimed that this world is hell, all the hell there is or need be, and that its occupants are being punished for their innumerable and contemptible outrages against deity in other worlds." (As Marlowe's Mephistopheles says to Faust, "Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.") It is such a world that McCarthy is portraying; his characters, in the words of the New Testament, have been "cast forth into outer darkness." The three men whose behavior is described in italicized passages scattered through the novel are demons, all of them murderers, at least one a cannibal. Whether the brother and sister are being punished for incest is not clear, but at any rate they are being exposed to the horrors of hell. The tinker says to the mother of the child: "I've seen the meanness of humans till I don't know why God ain't put out the sun and gone away." When she says to him, "You won't never have no rest," he replies, "Nor any human soul."

AS in *The Orchard Keeper,* which won the William Faulkner Foundation Award for the best first novel of 1965, McCarthy is remarkably successful in creating an atmosphere. I am troubled, however, by some of the writing in *Outer Dark.* For the most part the style is austere and colloquial, but now and then McCarthy bursts into a gaudy prose studded with uncommon and sometimes incomprehensible words. For instance, this about the newborn baby: "It howled execration upon the dim camarine world of its nativity wail on wail while he lay there gibbering with palsied jawhasps, his hands putting back the night like some witless paraclete beleaguered with all limbo's clamor." Or: "His shadow moiled cant and baneful over the lot below him." Or: "His assassin smiled upon him with bright teeth, the faces of the other two peering from either shoulder in consubstantial monstrosity, a grim triune that watched wordless, affable." Such passages are pretty bad in themselves and entirely out of keeping with the tone of the book as a whole.

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

That day in 1962 was April at its worst, rainy, cold and blustery, but as I drove west on Route 22 toward Pine Grove, Pennsylvania, I felt a fine glow of anticipation. It isn't often that one actually has a chance to spend some hours with one of his long-time literary heroes, and here I was on the way to interview Conrad Richter. The rich Pennsylvania Dutch countryside was shrouded in mist, the storm beat against the windshield; but I was thinking of another place and time because Conrad Richter had introduced me to them in the first words of his I ever read—the first words, in fact, of his first novel. I could hear them singing in my mind:

> That lusty pioneer blood is tamed now, and gelded like the wild horse and the frontier settlement. And I think that I shall never see it flowing through human veins again as it did in my Uncle Jim Brewton riding a lathered horse across his shaggy range or standing in his massive ranch house, bare of furniture as a garret, and holding together his empire of grass and cattle by the fire in his eyes.

This was, of course, *The Sea of Grass*. Presently there was its author, standing in the doorway of his stucco house on Maple Street in the town where he was born: a man of medium height, white-haired, blue-eyed, with a smile of welcome, courteously concerned lest his guest had had too rough a journey. He was then seventy-one, and looked half a dozen years younger. He was seventy-eight when he died last October 30, an artist with few peers among his countrymen during the thirty-odd years of his writing prime.

A working newspaperman seldom feels awe in the presence of anyone at all, but I knew something like awe for a few moments. Only for a few moments, however. In his quiet, even voice, at a lunch table weighed down with the Pennsylvania Dutch delicacies served by his wife, Harvena Achenbach Richter, he was talking of so many things—newspaper life, the New York publishing scene, mutual friends in both areas—that the interviewer had a fleeting notion that he was the one being interviewed. It was time to get down to the business of the day, something about the road Conrad Richter had traveled to the place he now held as winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *The Town*, the final panel in his triptych of the Pennsylvania-Ohio frontier, and of the National Book Award in fiction for *The Waters of Kronos*.

Mention of those honors seemed to embarrass him somewhat. "Critics," he said, "have been very kind to me." He clearly meant it, and indeed he appeared to be vaguely surprised that everything came about as it did; because, he said, there was a time when he asked nothing else than to be a good newspaperman. His formal schooling ended with his graduation from high school. He drove teams, clerked, was a teller in a bank. Then he worked on papers in Johnstown and Pittsburgh, and he recalled with gratitude what he learned there, writing plain sentences against the discipline of a deadline. Did he give this up, he was asked, in order to create literature?

"I'd like to tell you something noble," he replied, "but I gave it up because I was restless and wanted to see more of life and the world." He served as private secretary to a wealthy Cleveland family, traveling and taking his first steps as a writer. These were both promising and disenchanting. One of his first stories was accepted by Mitchell Kennerley for *Forum* magazine and picked up by Edward J. O'Brien for his *Best Stories* anthology. Kennerley all but discouraged Richter permanently. "He didn't pay me for a long time, and when he did the check was for $25. I thought to myself, if that's all I get for the kind of story I want to write, why go on?"

Back home again in Pine Grove he did go on. While editing a children's magazine, he sold enough stories to assemble a modest collection entitled *Brothers of No Kin*, and wrote to various literary celebrities for advice. Among them was the venerable William Dean Howells, who asked the young man to visit him. "To this day I regret that I didn't," said Mr. Richter. His reason was characteristic of his modesty: "I was afraid that he was just being kind."

He went on to say that 1928 was a turning point in his life. Because of Mrs. Richter's ill health they moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and there came upon a new world that he was to make his own. Writing for money, which he desperately needed, but writing with typical care and integrity, he produced his first Southwestern book, the short stories collected as *Early Americana* (1936). Then, the next year, came *The Sea of Grass* and national recognition. "An odd thing," he remarked, "when I think how reluctantly we went out there." How, his visitor asked, had he

—*Steve Turville.*

Conrad Richter—"cherished control and order."

learned so much so quickly about Southwestern history and folklore? Again his answer said much about him: "I listened to people telling stories, and I read old newspapers and manuscripts."

However, he added, in a sense he never did leave home. Even while he was writing superbly of the wild country that enchanted him, he was thinking his way toward *The Trees*, which in 1940 launched the Pennsylvania-Ohio trilogy and made clear that the author of *The Sea of Grass* was no one-novel novelist. His family roots were deep in eighteenth and nineteenth century Pennsylvania. The past was as real to him as the present and, he was convinced, had much to teach it. For instance, he pointed out, the underlying theme of that trilogy "is that man's love is born from energies aroused by his enemies and that he must consciously take on the hardships and disciplines of his pioneer ancestors, or perish."

He made this pronouncement reticently but with the assurance of one who always knew what he was doing or trying to do. His values were primary—pride, courage, devotion to truth, a loathing for hypocrisy. Listening to him, I had a sense that he was saying it all when he spoke of *A Simple Honorable Man* (the second volume of the uncompleted autobiographical trilogy that began with *The Waters of Kronos*). This son and grandson of Dutch Lutheran pastors declared: "Having read so much sweetness and light and other nonsense about parsonages, mystical robes, and the like, I wanted to do out of my own experience an honest novel of the ministry and to set down my notion that the real power is not in form or magic but in simple goodness commonly overlooked and despised because it doesn't produce material riches."

Mrs. Richter poured another round of stout coffee while her husband chatted on—about his pleasure in being addressed as "Connie" by Pine Grove children meeting him around town (though he heard that their parents admonished them for this familiarity),

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Cannon Kings

The Arms of Krupp 1587-1968, *by William Manchester (Little, Brown. 976 pp. $12.50), chronicles in detail the deadly journey through history of the dynasty that "flourished on war and the rumors of war." Henry C. Wolfe, whose books include "The German Octopus," has long been an observer of "Die Firma" and its role in world affairs.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

THE NAME KRUPP has for years been virtually synonymous with power. It still connotes ruthlessness, cynicism, greed, and, above all, war. There have been other international dealers in armaments, among them Vickers-Armstrong in Britain, Schneider in France, Mitsui in Japan, Putiloff in Russia, Ansaldo in Italy; but Krupp was the best known and the most successful. A veritable state within a state, its representatives abroad were often more influential than the German ambassadors. The Krupp influence on world affairs during the past century is beyond calculation. Since the dawn of modern Europe, "the mysterious, powerful Krupp dynasty had flourished on war and the rumors of war."

In this monumental study William Manchester has written a melodramatic, often macabre account of the Krupp empire that fascinates from beginning to ironical end. He has provided many photographs and impressive documentation. Some of his statements are controversial, but in nearly every case he names his sources. The sharpest controversy may center around his criticism of the former American High Commissioner in Germany, John J. McCloy.

While gathering material for this book, the author reports, he was picked up by German police and questioned, and his house was searched every day. It is not easy to understand why contemporary Germans should feel any special loyalty to the Krupps. To be sure, they provided employment, brought large sums of foreign currency into the country, gave considerable attention to the welfare of their employees, and supplied arms for successive Reichs. When it came to making money, however, they were internationalists whose order books were open to any customer. During the Napoleonic era the "head of the house donned a French cockade and became a Francophile." When German troops fought the Russians in World War I, they were often shot down by Krupp weapons. When the German fleet challenged the British grand fleet at Jutland in 1916, the battleships on both sides were protected by Krupp armor.

The Krupps maintained that they would never sell armaments to enemies of Germany. But during the century from Waterloo to the Battle of the Marne European politics were in an almost constant state of flux; today's ally could become tomorrow's opponent. Austria, for example, was a Prussian ally in 1864 and an enemy in 1866. The Essen "merchants of death" took no chances; they sold their lethal wares to anyone who had the hard cash to pay for them. By 1911 "the old *Gusstahlfabrik* sold its fifty-thousandth cannon. Of these, over half had gone to nations beyond the Fatherland's borders—fifty-two client governments in Europe, South America, Asia, and Africa."

The Krupp saga grimly reflects the history of its era. It had its beginning in 1587 when Arndt Krupp (or Krupe, or Kripp, or Kripe) came out of the woods and settled in Essen. Twelve years later, when bubonic plague devastated the city, Arndt, "betting he would survive," bought up surrounding lands from panic-stricken owners. He made a handsome profit. His son, Anton, married a gunsmith's daughter and adopted his father-in-law's trade. Three centuries before Verdun a Krupp was selling cannon in the Ruhr. "Like a flash of gunfire on a distant horizon, the event is ominous."

During the following two centuries the Krupps had their ups and downs but they continued to survive. In 1826, when Friedrich died virtually a bankrupt, his fourteen-year old son, Alfred, took over the business. A psychotic, unhappy genius, he has been called "*der Kanonenkönig*" and "*der Grosse Krupp.*" He built his study directly over a stable, installing shafts through which the smell of horse manure was wafted into his room. His eccentricities, however, did not interfere with his business acumen or technical ability. He turned his company into the world's largest private industrial enterprise. At Sedan in 1870 Krupp artillery decimated Louis Napoleon's troops and made Prussia the first military power of Europe.

—*From the book.*

Bertha Krupp in 1909 with two-year-old Alfried.

"With a fleet of ships in the Netherlands, ore fields in Spain, and agents in every major capital," Alfred had "become an international institution." Russian Grand Duke Michael gave him a diamond ring, Franz Josef presented him with a solid gold snuffbox, grateful governments awarded him forty-four decorations. But Alfred could not pass his genius along to his son and heir, Friedrich Alfred ("Fritz"). This "Oscar Wilde of the Second Reich" was able to coast along on Krupp momentum until his didos on the island of Capri caused the Italian government to bar him from the country. Fritz's wife, who had received anonymous letters, went to the Kaiser and was promptly clapped into an insane asylum. Fritz himself ultimately committed suicide.

His daughter and heir, Bertha, apparently inherited none of Fritz's weaknesses or abnormalities. She was iron-willed, intelligent, in every respect a formidable personage. Her husband, Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, a minor diplomat, was apparently selected by the Kaiser, who ordered that he be known as Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach. A ruthless and cynical operator, Gustav did not hestitate to cheat his own government by charging Berlin nearly twice as much as Washington for naval armament. Although he knew that war with Russia was probable, he shipped the Russians all the munitions they would buy.

When German armies marched into Belgium in 1914, it was the Krupps' colossal "Big Berthas" that smashed the allegedly impregnable forts surrounding Liège. It was their "Long Max" guns that bombarded Paris in the spring of 1918. Though Germany lost the war, the Krupp empire lived on. By 1932 Gustav had become an *Obernazi* and was backing Adolf Hitler.

Bertha considered the former Austrian corporal an "upstart." When her husband ordered the flags of imperial Germany lowered and Nazi ensigns raised in their place, she exclaimed, "How low we have fallen," to which Gustav replied, "The Führer is always right." Once the Nazis were in power, orders flowed into the Krupp offices. The most abominable period in *Die Firma*'s history had begun.

During World War II Gustav's health began to fail and direction of the Krupp empire fell to Alfried, the unhappy, cold, efficient eldest son. He was one of the early members of the S.S. Had he not become a Nazi, and had he confined himself to producing armaments, he

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might have gone down in history as just another "merchant of death." But the *conscienceless* Alfried plundered occupied countries, obtaining 100,000 slave laborers to use in his plants. Workers from France, Belgium, and Holland were *Untermenschen;* Jews and Eastern Europeans were *Unteruntermenschen.* These men, women, and children lived and died under the most frightful conditions—they were starved, frozen, tortured. This is the foulest stigma that brands the name of Krupp.

AFTER the war Alfried was tried before a war crimes tribunal in Nuremberg, prosecuted by General Telford Taylor, and sentenced to twelve years in prison and the confiscation of all his property. But then the Cold War became more intense, Berlin was blockaded, and conflict broke out in Korea; three years after he was sentenced Alfried Krupp was granted clemency by Mr. McCloy.

An unsuccessful second marriage followed Alfried's return to Essen. Despite his business successes and his reputation as the "most powerful single industrialist in the Common Market," happiness eluded him. His empire became overextended. Financial chaos closed in, and the ancient house of Krupp was forced to go public, after nearly four centuries of exerting immeasurable influence on the world's affairs. In 1967 Alfried died at the age of sixty. According to his medical staff he had suffered from a bronchial malady "caused by smoking too many American cigarettes."

To Alfried's bitter disappointment, his only child, Arndt, had no interest in business, preferring to enjoy a gay life abroad. Mr. Manchester calls him the "playmate of the Western world."

WIT TWISTER #91

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He wrote two — — — — he
thought were good:
One on the — — — — he shoots
in the wood,
And one on the doctor who
prescribes
A — — — — he every night imbibes,
Which — — — — him wonders.
Now no cold
Prevents his hunting on the wold.

(*Answer on page* 66)

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For Sustenance: Hope

No One Writes to the Colonel and Other Stories, *by Gabriel García Márquez, translated from the Spanish by J. S. Bernstein (Harper & Row. 170 pp. $5.95), introduces to English-speaking readers a Colombian author who portrays a vanished way of life. Robert G. Mead, Jr., edited "Hispania" and teaches Spanish American literature at the University of Connecticut.*

By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

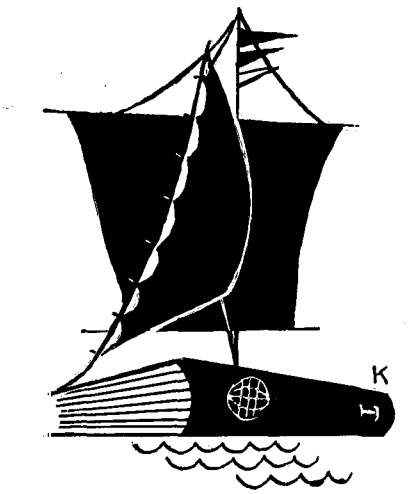
IN THE OCTOBER 1968 *Atlantic Monthly* Professor Lionel Trilling of Columbia University is reported to have said, in response to student David Shapiro's request for the teaching of Latin American and African literature, "Well, Mr. Shapiro, I've read this Latin American literature. It has, I think one might say, an anthropological interest." Shapiro, exasperated, flashed back, "This is a kind of Promethean contempt and irrelevance."

One can keep his cool while reading this exchange, and yet, if he knows something about the vast corpus of New World writing in Spanish and Portuguese and the minute portion of it available in English, he cannot help sympathizing with Mr. Shapiro. Really, until much more of it is available in translation, American critics ought to avoid sweeping generalizations about Latin American literature, especially if their remarks can be construed as irrelevant and contemptuous.

I am happy to report, in view of the above, that even jaundiced readers and critics of Latin American writers are likely to find this collection of nine stories by the Colombian Gabriel García Márquez, originally published in 1961-1962, to be of more than "anthropological interest." The appearance of this book, his first available in English, and the publication next year of his novel *100 Years of Solitude,* will secure a place for García Márquez among the growing constellation of Latin American authors who are familiar to U.S. readers. He is already well known in Spanish-speaking countries and increasingly successful in Europe.

THE book introduces the reader to the microcosmic world of Macondo, ostensibly a sleepy, hot, coastal town in which nothing ever happens, a perfect habitat for what one of the minor characters describes as the European stereotype of the South American: "a man with a moustache, a guitar, and a gun." But in truth Macondo exists only in the fantasy of the author, a town which he himself admits is born of his nostalgia for the life he lived as a young boy more than thirty years ago in a vanished Colombia, under the tutelage of his grandfather, clearly the prototype of the Colonel in the title story.

"No One Writes to the Colonel" is a tale of dignity in old age. The Colonel, slowly starving to death at seventy-five, is borne up through every adversity by his innate belief in human worth, by his hope of receiving a long-overdue military pension, and by his dream of an imminent victory to be won by the fighting cock he owns. As he says regarding hope: "You can't eat it, but it sustains you." However, he is never maudlin, and García Márquez weaves many glints of humor into the small, simple tapestry of a life that is rich in human values.



Readers will not soon forget the Colonel or his wife, a bedrock realist who understands her man.

The key to the meaning of the book, which is to say García Márquez's image of Colombian life as viewed from Macondo, is found in "Big Mama's Funeral," the last piece in the collection. Big Mama, whose family has dominated the region for two centuries, dies a virgin at ninety-two, and the whole town, the President of Colombia, and even the Pope attend her funeral. An era has closed. The event entails more pomp than any other happening in Macondo's history except for the traditional celebration of Big Mama's birthday during her seven decades of supremacy.

IN other stories we glimpse a thief who is jailed for a theft he didn't commit, a dentist who avenges himself upon a patient, Macondo's mayor and his political enemy, and a mother who braves the town's hostility as she walks through the streets carrying flowers for the grave of her son who has been executed as a criminal. All the stories communicate incidents in the lives of humble (and a few rich) townspeople, all of whom have been deeply affected by the long and bloody political strife between the liberals and the conservatives in Colombia. But politics are merely a background for García Márquez, who is concerned mainly with the mysterious inner lives of his characters, lives we intuit briefly through their laconic utterances, their actions, and their emotions.

The author's style, unusual for a contemporary Latin American writer, is well suited to his purpose. It has serenity, understatement, and compassion, and is flecked with wry humor. García Márquez possesses a special felicity for deft, succinct characterization and evocative description. His short book will have a more lasting effect on many readers than numerous longer ones.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PATCHWORK

We present a little ditty entitled "Nemesis," the lines of which were allegedly stolen by Mabel-Ruth Jackson of Tucson, Arizona, from the dozen poets listed below. If you can't guess whose is which, feel free to turn to page 44.

( ) I've taken my fun where I found it,
( ) And in my humorous way
( ) (Only this and nothing more)
( ) Every night would kiss and play.

( ) Nobody seemed one penny the worse:
( ) A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
( ) A little while, a little love—
( ) Oh, this is the gist of my gypsy song!

( ) But I can tell—let truth be told—
( ) Inspiring bold John Barleycorn
( ) Has been my heart's undoing,
( ) And served me right as the preachers warn.

1. Bridges
2. Burns
3. Gay
4. Holmes
5. Ingoldsby
6. Kipling
7. MacDonald
8. Moore
9. Nash
10. Poe
11. Rossetti
12. Thomas

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The Fallen Sons

***Phineas,** by John Knowles (Random House. 147 pp. $4.95), contains short stories revolving around lonely, confused young men. Peter Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.*

By PETER WOLFE

MORPHOLOGICALLY, JOHN KNOWLES'S first book of short stories fits in well with his earlier work. The recurrence in *Phineas* of ideas, settings, and character types from his three novels gives Knowles's work a discernible shape and thrust. He builds his fictional world around lonely, confused young men. What he says of Lawrence Stewart in "A Turn with the Sun," the first story in this book, applies to his other protagonists: "He . . . inhabited the nether world of the unregarded, where no one bothered him or bothered about him."

Central figures in other stories include a disinherited son, a put-upon younger brother who has just lost his room to his baby sister, and a machinist of twenty-four who becomes a Peeping Tom because his energetic father and infant son leave him no freedom for natural growth. And, as in each of Knowles's novels, in three of the stories a major character falls ill and never fully regains his health. This concentration on people who have either fallen or lost their way, and an abiding interest in social morality, find an apt stylistic form in Knowles's balanced, even-flowing cadences. He silvers his sentences with a gray glow that recalls the clean lyricism of E. M. Forster. Also like Forster, whom he admires, Knowles refuses to shout at the reader; the key passages of his fiction gain force by virtue of their quiet authority.

If the main features of the Knowles territory are easily picked out, it is much less easy to say how often we want to visit it or how long we want to stay. The fine opening story in this collection, like Knowles's brilliant first novel, *A Separate Peace*, takes place at Devon School in New Hampshire. The rich colors and scents, together with the intimate portrayal of the prep school turn of mind on subjects like sex, sports, and the Ivy League, support the argument that Knowles's true subject is New England prepschool life. "A Turn with the Sun" even outdoes *A Separate Peace* in its analysis of the bifold question of power and reputation in academic circles.

"Summer Street," the next story, rises to no such heights. Set in Knowles's native West Virginia, it is so badly constructed that it presses into service a far-fetched coincidence at the end, and shows that the author does not really

(*Continued on page* 41)

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A bit more character. A bit deeper in flavor. It's there in every sip. That's the tradition of the past you're tasting in our Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon. It's there in our classic California Burgundy . . . and its noble relative, our estate-bottled Pinot Saint George. For Brother Timothy, our cellarmaster, is a bit old-fashioned about winemaking. Every drop is aged in hand-coopered oaken casks. Every bottle is binned till the wine matures to its full promise. Next time you want a memorable dinner wine, try ours. They're ready.

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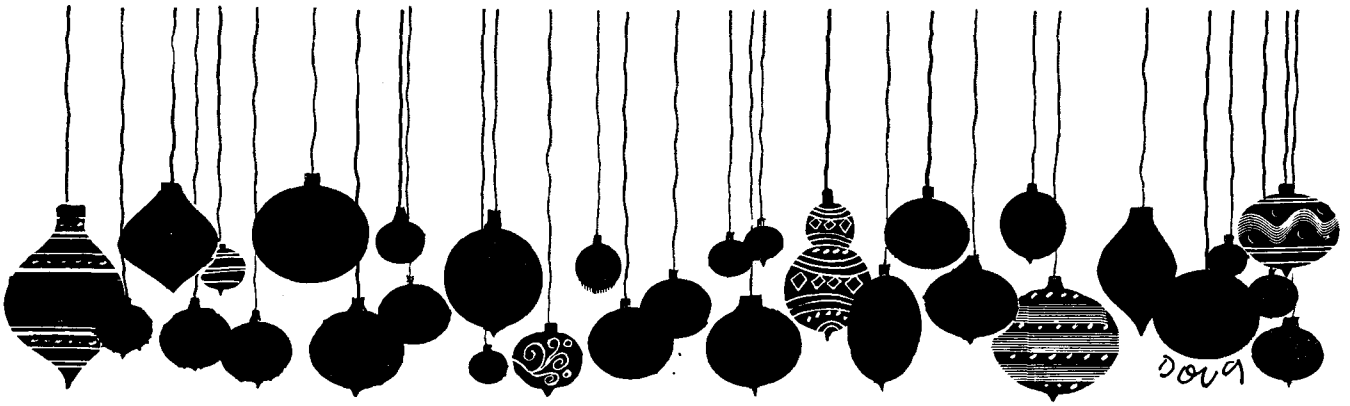

Festival for Readers

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

"ANOTHER Holiday season is now fairly with us, and the booksellers' shelves glitter with the beautiful volumes which have for many months demanded in their production and ornamentation the imagination of artists and the best skill of engravers, printers, and binders." This lovely Christmas announcement, quoted from an 1870 publication, *Hours at Home*, I gratefully acknowledge as stemming from Richard Darling's research in *The Rise of Children's Book Reviewing in America 1865-1881* (Bowker, $8.75).

The Christmas shelves are brimful in 1968, and the choice is wide. A new edition of an old favorite, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, by Clement Moore (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), is illustrated by another old favorite, Paul Galdone, with pictures of the rosiest possible Santa. *The Little Drummer Boy* (Macmillan, $3.95) includes the music as well as delightful pictures in glowing colors by Ezra Jack Keats. *The First Night of Christmas*, by Samuel Beardsley (Gibson, $1.95), has jingly rhymes and pedestrian illustrations. Another story of the first Christmas is *The Holy Night*, translated from the German of Aurel von Jüchen, (Atheneum, $4.95); the style is a bit stilted, but the illustrations by Celestine Piatti are beautifully composed in rich, dark colors. Marian King's *The Star of Bethlehem* (Harvey House, $2.95) is a sugary tale about a small boy star who shines down on the manger. In *The Thirteen Days of Yule* (Crowell, $3.95) Nonny Hogrogian illustrates with clear, bright, fetching pictures the medieval Scottish carol that corresponds to "The Twelve Days of Christmas." *A Great Miracle*, by Betty Morrow (Harvey House, $2.95), tells the story of Hanukkah, commemorating the Jewish victory over the Syrian conquerors.

A small book that will slip nicely into a stocking is Brenda Seymour's *First Carols* (Walck, $1.95), containing the words to the songs surrounded by small, gay drawings. Margo Hoff's *The Christmas Cupboard* (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50) has elegant black-and-white pictures with its descriptions of herbs and spices, fruits and nuts. Lillie Patterson's *Christmas Feasts and Festivals* (Garrard, $2.32) discusses legends and customs, while William Sansom's *A Book of Christmas* (McGraw-Hill, $14.50) includes everything—but everything. Though designed for adults, it is too informative and witty not to be shared by younger readers.

Information about traditions and legends also appears in *Merry Christmas Herbal*, a book of holiday recipes by Adelma Simmons (Morrow, $5.95), along with instructions for making herbal gifts and decorations. Two more adult books that can be enjoyed by young people are John Burton Brimer's *Christmas All Through the House* (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95) and Helen Goddard's *The Gardener's Christmas Book* (Macmillan, $5.95), both of which offer explicit directions for imaginative and inexpensive decorations for the home. *The Starveling*, by Nina Hooke Warner (John Day, $3.95), though written for adults, has a simplicity and sweetness that should attract young readers as well. It is the story of a stray kitten who wanders hopefully through the English countryside and eventually brings comfort to a lonely woman.

The season is enhanced by two splendid anthologies: *The Christmas Book*, compiled by James Reeves (Dutton, $4.95), and *Happy Christmas*, compiled by William Seymour and James Smith (Westminster, $5.95). The former contains prose, poetry, some drama, and fine illustrations; the latter also includes music. The material in both has been chosen with discriminating taste.

There are not too many books this year for the very young. One is *Melinda's Christmas Stocking*, by Ruth Jaynes (Bowmar, $3.24), staidly written but with attractive color photographs of a Spanish-American family's festivities. *The City that Forgot About Christmas*, by Mary Warren (Concordia, $1.50), is unfortunately mawkish. Helen Claire's *The Cat and the Fiddle* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) contains three short stories, the last of which depicts the secret revels of zoo animals on Christmas Eve. The offbeat story of the season is *The Star (and George)*, by Gerald Potterton (Harper & Row, $3.50), about a man who tries out various objects, including an elusive real star, on top of his tree before he decides that his paper star is just fine.

Though most of the holiday books published this year fall into the seven-to-ten group, older brothers and sisters may take a peek and younger ones clamor to have them read aloud. One of the most appealing is *Renfroe's Christmas*, by Robert Burch (Viking, $3.50), which contains a hilarious description of a community party complete with pageant and readings. A good book for boys is Dale Fife's *Joe and the Talking Christmas Tree* (Coward-McCann, $3.50), a warm, realistic story about a miner's family. In fact, boys have the edge this year: *Sing Out, Charley*, by Margaret Hodges (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50), concerns a small boy who organizes carol-singing and worries over gift-giving. In Laura Nelson Baker's *Cowboy Pete* (Lippincott, $3.50) another Charles finds that the mysterious donor of a Christmas horse is his long-lost grandfather. *One Little Tree*, by E. M. Almedingen (Norton, $3.50), is set in Finland, where a determined boy crosses the border into Russian territory to get a Christmas tree.

A Norwegian folktale is retold by Jeannette Winter in *The Christmas Visitors* (Pantheon, $3.50), the story of a farmer who rids himself of the mischie-

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vous trolls that have taken over his home every Christmas Eve. Quiet scenes on grey paper reflect the long-ago customs of rural Sweden in Harald Wiberg's *Christmas at the Tomten's Farm* (Coward-McCann, $4.50). Another nostalgic story about a family of the past, isolated by a snowstorm, is *A Long Ago Christmas*, by Patricia Miles Martin (Putnam, $3.49).

For girls there's *The Sugar-Candy Heart*, by Dorothy Maas (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.25): a small girl gives up a favorite possession so that the Wise Men in a Christmas pageant may bear a real gift. Many of the stories in Lois Lenski's *Christmas Stories* (Lippincott, $3.95) are taken from her previous books; there are tales of past and present, reflecting the author's interest in varied cultural and ethnic backgrounds. Finally, there's an amusing family story with realism and fantasy nicely blended: *The Elephant Tells*, by James Playsted Wood (Regnery, $3.95). The elephant may be boastful and capricious, but his family shows its affection for him on Christmas Eve.

Henry Explores the Jungle. *By Mark Taylor. Illustrated by Graham Booth. Atheneum.* 46 *pp.* $5.95. Again the indomitable tot sets forth with his trusty dog Angus, his lunch bag, and the usual stock of flags for establishing territorial rights. Having vanquished a herd of placid cows, Henry is astonished to encounter a tiger. He dashes into the safety of the circus wagon, the tiger follows, the door comes down, and Henry slides out between the bars. And, by gum, Henry the explorer has trapped a tiger. The bland story is spiced by the illustrations: when Henry is running for his life, for example, the tiger is ambling after him with clearly amicable intent; while Henry gazes triumphantly at his ferocious prize the languid beast dozes. Ages 4-6.

A Small Lot. *Written and illustrated by Eros Keith. Bradbury.* 30 *pp.* $4.25. Dwarfed by the buildings around it, the piece of land where Jay and Bob played every day was spared only because it was so small. Fearing that the land might seem usable to some adult, the boys added appurtenances that made their little kingdom look like a park. The story is slight, the absence of other children unexplained. The illustrations, however, are delightful: the realistic scenes are in black-and-white, while those showing the boys at play brim with colorful castles in the air, teeming jungles, vast imaginary landscapes, and some throw-away touches of humor. Ages 4-7.

I Am Better Than You! *Written and illustrated by Robert Lopshire. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. Young readers today have all the luck; it seems highly improbable that there's ever before been a beginning reading book about a one-upmanship contest between two lizards. Lighthearted in tone, amiably illustrated with comic-strip simplicity, and just sharp enough to make a point, the story describes in dialogue the cheerful efforts of Pete to emulate each deed by which the boastful Sam claims to prove he is a better lizard. Sam finally reaches a point where he rashly steps onto a garish page of comics and announces he is going to match all the colors, and that is his downfall. Ages 6-8.

The Unidentified Flying Elephant. *By Robert Kraus. Illustrated by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Windmill/Simon & Schuster.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. The antic illustrations of Darrow, familiar to readers of *The New Yorker*, are big, bold, and vigorous, and the oversize pages of his first children's book provide an accommodating vehicle for his cartoon style. The unidentified flying elephant met Arthur when they found themselves staring at each other through opposite ends of a telescope. X22 had lost his personal flying saucer; he could still fly, however, and was surprised to find that Arthur couldn't. (What kind of elephant doesn't fly?) The two new friends trailed the missing saucer to the lair of Honest Tom, the antique flying saucer collector, depicted in the illustrations as an avaricious syndicate-type elephant. Great nonsense. Ages 6-9.

Bats: Wings in the Night. *By Patricia Lauber. Illustrated with photographs. Random House.* 80 *pp.* $1.95. It is only recently that scientists have learned some of the fascinating details about the way bats use echolocation to find food and recognize obstacles, or the ways in which they feed. Much is still unknown about their migratory habits and their ability to distinguish between edible prey and the substitutes used in experiments. In a succinct and simply written book the anatomy, habits, habitats, and varieties of this large order of mammals are described. Ages 9-11.

Bimby. *Written and illustrated by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann.* 91 *pp.* $3.50. It was a great day for Bimby. Most of the slaves had to work, but he was going to the white folks' picnic with old Jesse, where he would have a chance to see his mother. That day changed the boy's life. Warned that there is to be a slave auction, Jesse kills himself, and Bimby decides he cannot go on as a slave. Helped by his mother, he strikes out for freedom. This is not a polemic against slavery, but its message is all the more effective because of the vivid characterization and deceptive simplicity of style. The drama is set off sharply by Bimby's innocent acceptance of his lot before he understands its bitter reality. Ages 9-11.

The Laura Ingalls Wilder Songbook. *Compiled and edited by Eugenia Garson. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Arranged for piano and guitar by Maurice Hinrecht. Harper & Row.* 160 *pp.* $5.95. For those who enjoy old songs, collect Americana, or look with loving memory or present delight at the "Little House" books, here's a special Christmas present. More than sixty of the songs mentioned by Mrs. Wilder are included, with notes on references to them in the books. Some are familiar favorites, others comparatively obscure songs for which Mrs. Garson hunted many years. The black-and-white illustrations by Garth Williams are a perfect expression of the homely scenes of the past. Ages 9 up.

Save Alice! *By Eva-Lis Wuorio. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 165 *pp.* $3.95. Suspense, mystery, action, and humor abound in a fast-paced story about three ingenious children who are catapulted into intrigue when an old lady shoves a birdcage into their car at the French-Spanish border. "Save Alice!" she hisses, and disappears. Is Alice the cockatoo in the cage? There is no doubt that a gang of criminals is in pursuit: as soon as they see the birdcage, the chase is on. In addition to the intrigue there is bubbly, sophisticated dialogue and a good contrast between the English twins and the bumptious American, who simmers down and becomes a friend. Ages 10-12.

Mister Corbett's Ghost. *By Leon Garfield. Illustrated by Alan Cober. Pantheon.* 87 *pp.* $3.50. Haunting echoes of a terrified Scrooge and of Ichabod fleeing a specter pervade this skillful ghost story: the mood of heart-thumping suspense is deftly complemented by the illustrations. "A windy night and the old year dying of an ague," it begins, as the surly apothecary Corbett sends his apprentice out into the night on a late last errand. The boy, Partridge, yearning to be home to celebrate the New Year, makes a bargain with a mysterious client who can rid the world of Mister Corbett . . . but he cannot rid the boy of Mister Corbett's ghost. High style, shivers galore, and a surprise ending. Ages 10-13.

On City Streets: An Anthology of Poetry. *Compiled by Nancy Larrick. Photographs by David Sagarin. Evans/Lippincott.* 158 *pp.* $4.95. A hundred children from small cities or the inner city of a metropolis helped select the poems that reflect the world they know. They and Nancy Larrick have chosen well. The poems are varied: a few are humorous; many picture the urban scene with incisive imagery; a great number are bitter or poignant commentaries on being poor or black or lonely. The contributors include Whitman, Sandburg, Hughes, and Brooks (referred to on the jacket as a "less known" writer), several children's poets, and some of the younger contemporaries. Good for reading aloud, of course,

(*continued on page* 40)

—From "I Am Better Than You!"

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Gone Is the Gold

THE SUN rose swiftly, springing from behind a low peak near the end of the lake in western Bolivia. Its rays struck the water and bounced up to the boat. Only a few people stood on the night-wet deck—the doctor and his wife, the young Peace Corpsman on vacation, the Americans on tour.

A deck hand wiped the ship's brass. The tourists had risen to see the balsa rafts, which appeared now about 500 yards off the port, bobbing in rows like corks. We were gliding by the promontory of Yunguyo which thrusts its point deep into Lake Titicaca. From here, the legend says, the Sun God sent out his children to found the Inca Empire, to build it of gold.

Once through the Strait of Tiquina, Guaqui, the western entry to Bolivia, came into view. Four or five weathered buildings—a customs shack, a drafty railroad waiting room, outhouses—clustered at the lake shore. The ship slipped up a narrow channel through two submerged sandbars. Cows stood sunk to their bellies in the muddy water, their huge weary heads following the ship's slow progress. Dark mud huts were sprawled over slopes that eased down to the lake. The huts were hardly distinguishable from the earth itself, except for their tan roofs of thatched *totora*, the native bulrush from which the fishermen also fashion the balsas. When I saw Guaqui, one of those obvious facts, so long a part of history, possessed me for the first time: the gold is gone. The Inca is dead.

After a perfunctory inspection at customs, the passengers boarded a rusty green railcar that looked like a streetcar without a trolley pole, and started off for La Paz. It moved remarkably fast.

About 10 miles from Guaqui we clacked past the megalithic ruins of Tiahuanaco, the mythical Gate of the Sun and Moon. There, massive stones had been piled each upon the other by the Aymara, the first known culture of America that had established itself long before the Inca. Many centuries later, the *conquistadores*, the destroyers of this advanced civilization, were supplanted by a Spain awakened to the tremendous potential of the New World. Near Tiahuanaco the mercenary troops of Gonzalo Pizzaro, renegade brother of Francisco, won their last spectacular victory over representatives of Spain, just before the Crown sent its own forces to settle and methodically exploit the wealth.

It took us about four hours to travel from Guaqui to La Paz, at 12,130 feet the world's highest capital. The railcar stopped at El Alto, a small adobe town above the city, before descending into the gorge that cradles the Bolivian capital.

La Paz, seen from El Alto, is startling. Mt. Illimani throws its white head 21,325 feet above this deep scar in the earth, created, as one man said, "by the unbridled imagination of a lunatic in love with beauty." Below, the city flashes silver, like a treasure of coins strewn under the sun. Here and there a steeple rises above the expanse of silver and red roofs. Clouds drift down into the gorge, obscuring patches of the city.

A half hour later, the train tipped itself over the edge and descended into the deep bowl, winding cautiously down and around. Coming down, one sees the reason for the silvery gleam of La Paz. Bolivia is a tin producing country, and the hovels which form the climbing slums of its capital are roofed with fluted sheets of it.

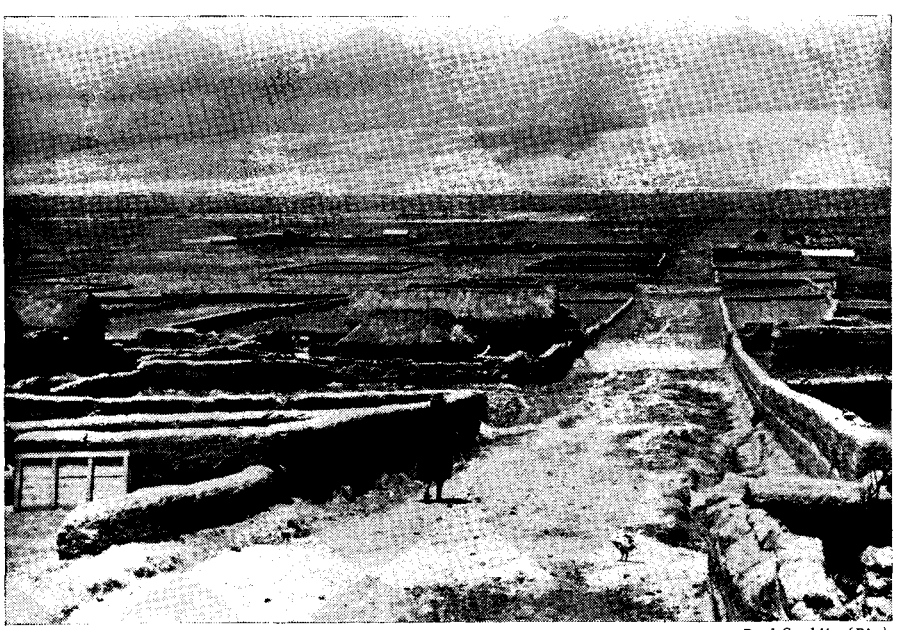
The streets are cobbled, winding, steep. They might be picturesque were it not for the stench of poverty that wells up from every alley. The mountain witches who gather on Calle Linares sell enchanted red beads and crudely etched talismans. Rows of llama fetuses are propped up in the stalls. They are Indian charms to appease a less-than-generous Earth Goddess. They stand there like leather animal dolls, waiting for someone to paint in the eyes. There are red, green, and gold Bolivian devil masks with spiral horns and serpent eyes.

La Paz is turbulent. The streets swarm with humanity. Corpulent women squat on the curbstones, indifferent to the quick and darting Fiats and Citroëns. They sell dried beans and *chicha*, a malt beverage that the Incas once brewed.

The faces of the Indian men look the same—deep-drawn and brown, a reddishness marking the high points of the cheekbones. The mouth and lips are thin and usually stained a darker brown from the coca leaf, the opiate that they prefer to food. It is odd how dissimilar the faces of the men and women are. The men affect long, Don Quixote expressions, while the women have a fleshiness of face, almost a jolliness, spoiled by the dull sadness that appears in their eyes.

It rained one day and I was trapped in my hotel. I stared through the bar window for a half hour or so watching the rain bombard a white sign painted on the wall across the street. THROW OFF THE MILITARY BOOT, it read, punctuated with a thick and bleeding exclamation mark. All through the streets of La Paz you see such signs, commanding revolution against the (elected) military government of Bolivia. There are even some left, though faded, that call for the overthrow of the previous government.

I left La Paz on a national holiday. The Government was bringing home the remains of Marshal Andres de Santa Cruz, one of the heroes of Bolivian independence, who, like most of Latin



—*Paul Conklin (Pix).*

Bolivian *altiplano*—"a desert sea of brown brush."

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America's heroes, died in exile and was interred in France.

It was a bright, loud celebration, attended by all La Paz's military and municipal bands. The brassy notes of the marches tumbled disconnectedly through the thin air of the mountain city. I watched from the steps of the main train station as the troops moved away down the hill, eight abreast: the Army, then the Air Force, and finally the Fluvial Fleet—a river navy, since Bolivia has no coastline.

Down at the Plaza Murillo on Calle Commercio the French Ambassador waited, sweating uncomfortably in the sun, amid the expectant crowds of colorfully garbed Indians and the drab poor who had come down from the city slopes to see the native son borne home.

It took two ancient, wood-devouring engines to haul the long row of cars up out of the gorge to El Alto again. One pulled, one pushed. The climb seemed even more tortuous than the descent two days before. The train, traveling a different route, wound through sparse mountainside birch forests. It clicked over narrow bridges, below which water burst furiously from crevices in the rock. We stopped for ten minutes at El Alto, long enough to detach the rear engine, and for an Indian to offer me pornographic pictures. Then we were off, down the long passage that hugs the eastern Cordillera of the Andes, across the length of the Bolivian *altiplano*.

It took two and a half days to travel from La Paz to Villazón on the Argentine frontier. During that trip I saw the people of the *altiplano*: a lone figure walking away in the distance; an Indian family squatting in a little circle on the earth to ward off the wind; a young boy leading an erratic train of tiny burros.

I wondered where these people could be going, and why. There were so few houses. There is no isolation and aloneness like that of the *altiplano*. Even the eternal plains of Patagonia, the southern desert of Argentina, do not create such an impression of desolation. When the train disappears there is nothing left but those few people, wandering alone on the vast tableland.

The train ran out of water at midmorning of the second day out. The steward in our coach said a leak had developed in the water tank and we would be stopping at a small mining camp. Within an hour we had made a sharp turn. We had been running south with the mountain range, the Cordillera Real, to the east. Now we were heading straight into it, and it loomed immense as we drew into its shadow.

I had seen the town before, perhaps in Colorado or Oregon. The dead mountain of slag was there, and the row of unpainted wood buildings lined up like a set for a Western. There was one dirt street and a small playground in the square of yellow earth that had been marked off as the town plaza. Boys were swinging on the exercise bars, and the younger children played in an empty sandbox. There was no growth. There were no men, only Indian women and children. The men were in the tin mines.

While the water tank was being repaired, the passengers explored the town. The American doctor carried a movie camera. He did not use it much, but bore it like one of those required encumbrances of tourism. His wife spied an old Indian woman squatting in the dirt street, her skirts spread wide around her. She was absorbed in peeling a black banana. The doctor quickly trained the camera on her. At this the woman, until then indifferent to the strangers in town, jumped up quickly. Indignation rose in her brown, wizened face. She clamped her bowler down with decision and released a loud, high-pitched stream of profanity, which no one understood.

The *altiplano* has a thousand faces. It is alternately beautiful and morbidly ugly. You travel through a ravaged land, ripped into fantastic configurations, a desert sea of brown brush, where the freakish *kenua* tree grasps at the sky. Then you are winding through deep canyons of bright red stone, passing upward, the train struggling. Llamas pose on the rough peaks like black statues against the sun. A lone figure tends a flock of sheep or llamas in a dusty bowl between two mountains. You see the darting Patagonian hare and the alpaca. A shadow of dust rises against the granite wall of the Cordillera, then moves across the land and dies like a whim.

The altitude and thin air give every color a special richness. There is an intense light and clearness. The line to the west where the flat *puna* meets the Cordillera Occidental is 80 miles away. It seems as close and precise as a sharp pencil line. The mountains heave upward over the flat tableland and look so high one must remind himself he is seeing only the peaks. The eastern slopes of the Cordillera Real plummet thousands of feet into the steaming basin of the Amazon, that other face of Bolivia. To the west they roll down into Chile and Peru and to the Pacific.

The people of the *altiplano*, left behind in the great migration into extinction, are like the derelicts of Yucatán. The last of the ruling Incas, Tupac Amaru, was executed by the Spanish in 1571. They say he died a Christian; for some reason historians feel this is significant. The Empire had long before been destroyed, the treasure stolen, and the people of the Andes delivered into the hands of the European.

For the last half day the train followed the course of a wide, dry river bed. Around 9 o'clock that evening it crept into Villazón. Across the river lay the tropical north of the Argentine. Behind us it was night and cold on the *altiplano*.

—RICHARD O'MARA.

Richard O'Mara, now an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, spent several years in Latin America.

ISLANDER

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Sutherland as Amina; Weissenberg; Poets

QUALITY AND EXCITEMENT, two vocal values which have been in short supply this season, returned to the Metropolitan with the reappearance, after too long an absence, of Joan Sutherland. The specification is double because, as indoctrinated operagoers know, there can be excitement without quality, as well as quality without excitement.

With Miss Sutherland, both are of a rather special sort, taking in extremes of reaction. Some sense the excitement without being aware of the quality, taking their stimuli from the pure physical phenomenon of cleanly struck higher-than-customary high notes, or a rapid succession of sounds crowded into a shorter space of time than is normally required for such execution. These excite basic sensory perceptions and induce a kind of Pavlovian response, such as cries of "*Brava*" and extravagant applause.

Others, more keenly aware of the finesse in Miss Sutherland's delivery of the vocal detail in such a role as Amina in Bellini's *La Sonnambula* (a work not previously heard at the Lincoln Center Metropolitan), respond to it in the ways reserved for those who achieve results above and beyond the reach of ordinary humans. That is, they honor her as a paragon, a touchstone, an absolute among comparatives, one who has reached every station on the way to the summit of the mountain. Or perhaps, it would be better to say, every station but the very last. That is the terminal point of any artistic journey, the one marked MOUNT BELIEVABILITY. The fickle gods, dispensing their gifts as they do, sometimes challenge their votaries by withholding something from those they favor most. It is a way of keeping everything in order and suppressing pride when it raises its ungrateful head.

Thus, with Miss Sutherland's Amina, fantasy and realism are strangely inverted. The realism of her performance is that which would be fantasy for most—an unbelievably glossy, free, and precise articulation of Bellini's intricate patterns, the almost instrumental exactness with which she strikes high Ds and Es (Cs are barely worth mention). The fantasy, not quite within her reach, was that which would be ready realism for many others—the creation of an attractive, appealing, not to say believable, figure of a young girl in love. Everything relating to romantic credibility was, in her relations with Elvino, reduced to symbols, whether the betrothed was John Alexander or George Shirley.

There was half of one and one and a half of the other in the season's first two performances, due to gradual loss of voice by Alexander on the first night, resulting in his replacement by Shirley then and later in the week. Comment on one or the other is discouraged not only by such circumstances, but more by the mere fact that, in terms of the surroundings (Swiss), Miss Sutherland's effort was consistently above the timber line, those of her associates in the vocal valleys. Of the others, Bonaldo Giaiotti's Rodolfo (though a bass) came closest to matching her vocal altitude. Richard Bonynge completed the family partnership as conductor.

A recent reference to Stanislaw Skrowaczewski as "a conductor in the classical European mold" came to have more than an intended share of its meaning when he began his second program as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic with an orchestral version of Bach's D-minor Toccata and Fugue. "Shades of Stokowski!", gasped the purists, faddists, and other defenders of the intellectual moat between propriety and impropriety. No neoclassical model, let alone a contemporary-tooled conductor, would indulge such misfeasance. 'Tisn't done, old chap.

The only ones, indeed, who enjoyed Skrowaczewski's well wrought orchestration were the audience, a rapscallion of a critic (or two), the conductor, and, very likely, the orchestra. There was little doubt that the players responded willingly to what Skrowaczewski asked them to do, and what he had asked them to do was artfully contrived to convert organ values into orchestral. I personally would have preferred the omission of a stick roll on the cymbal at one point, and a shattering smash on the tam-tam at another, but one man's excess may be another man's fulfillment.

The evening also provided New York's first exposure to the partnership of Skrowaczewski and pianist Alexis Weissenberg, in a work of Chopin (whose complete concerted *oeuvres* they have recorded). Their performance of the F-minor Concerto was finely cohesive, mutually compatible, and altogether creditable to the background which has produced such results. If Weissenberg

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could add to his arsenal of effects the one labeled charm, he could come closer to dead center of the target than he does now. The Shostakovich Fifth Symphony concluded. —I.K.

The Barrow Poets

THE BARROW POETS are an engaging group of English performers, three men and three women or, divided another way, two musicians who speak with their instruments and four poetry-readers whose words sometimes sing. Apart from the more or less conventional instruments —piano, Irish harp, oboe, violin, mandolin, concertina—there are a couple of surreal inventions called the cacofiddle and the muscle-in which seem to have a life of their own.

The group and their material tread a thin line between high and pop culture, medieval and modern moods, the formal and the informal. Their program at Town Hall, where they made their New York debut, included poems by Dylan Thomas, e. e. cummings, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth I, Robert Graves, Ted Hughes, Paul Simon, several original and a large number of commissioned and anonymous pieces; interspersed with these were Gregorian chants, a medieval carol, airs by Mozart, William Byrd, many unidentified and, again, original compositions.

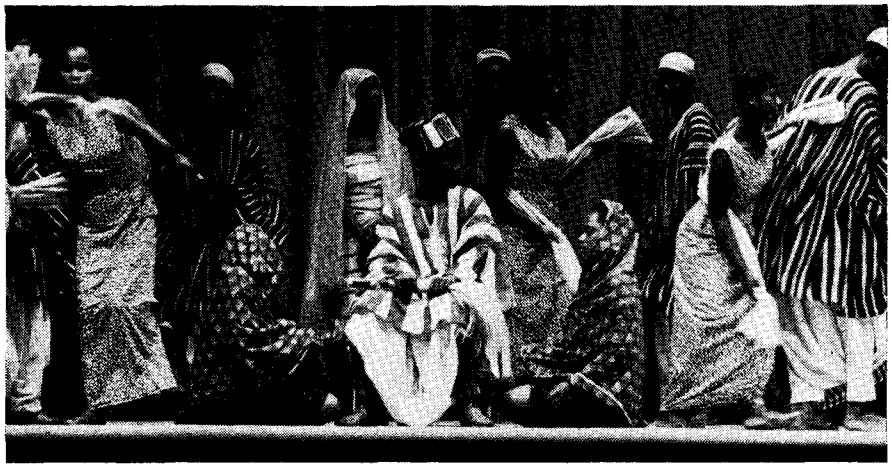
The four speakers, William Bealby-Wright, Gerard Benson, Heather Black, and Cicely Smith, have clear, flexible, and nicely contrasting voices. Their timing is impeccable and crucial to the quick ironies of the comic material which comprises about two-thirds of the program.

The evening moves swiftly and agreeably, and if, finally, it fails to be truly exciting, it may be that the Barrow Poets are too easygoing in their attitude, too modest in their ambitions. Their program has been structured on the premise that poetry is something of a bitter pill; their mission is "to take the sting out of poetry." By this they mean take the sting out of the convention of the poetry recital, but they have, in fact, too often taken the sting out of poems which were meant to have one. So much of the material is sprightly and comic that the humorous tone carries over and wrongly colors poems of serious or even savage intent.

Poetry is like lobster: If you love it, you are willing to work for it; and if you don't like it, having it shelled and sauced won't make it any more appetizing. The Barrow Poets have created a program for people in the middle: those who like but don't love poetry. This is by no means an unworthy achievement, but they are, I am convinced, capable of much more. —MOLLY HASKELL.

World of Dance

Walter Terry



African Dance Company of Ghana—"an elegant African adventure."

Dance Classicism: American, African

THE SILVER JUBILEE of the New York City Center of Music and Drama, with all the appropriate celebrations, testimonials, and "we-love-yous," should not be allowed to obscure the fact that one of its most important constituent companies is also having an anniversary—indeed, two anniversaries. It is the now world-famous New York City Ballet, which had made an auspicious, but modest, bow twenty years ago.

The new company, in its first performances, starting October 11, 1948, and spilling over into January 1949, played less than thirty times. For 1968, it has played for more than thirty weeks! This figure includes the twenty-two weeks in its home, the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center (its residence since 1964, when it moved from the old City Center building), plus its summertime stand at Saratoga, New York, and other performances. When extensive tours are involved, the New York City Ballet is in action for close to forty weeks out of a year.

This has been a spectacular advance since the day when the late Morton Baum invited Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine to make their Ballet Society (which was prepared to give barely a half-dozen performances a year) the resident ballet company at the City

—Photo: Martha Swope.

Balanchine's *Symphony in C* with Patricia McBride and Edward Villella—"fulfilled to perfection."

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Center and to change its name to the New York City Ballet.

The second anniversary concerns origins, for it was in 1933 that the School of American Ballet was founded, the school which remains the official training center for the New York City Ballet. The chronology of this thirty-five-year span is, then, the school first, the American Ballet (the company), Ballet Caravan, the American Ballet Caravan, Ballet Society, New York City Ballet.

One of the ballets on the historic October 1948 program was Balanchine's *Symphony in C* to the music of Bizet (a ballet originally created for the Paris Opera and called *Palais de Cristal*). The eight principals on this occasion were Maria Tallchief and Nicholas Magallanes (first movement), Tanaquil LeClercq and Francisco Moncion (second), Marie-Jeanne and Herbert Bliss (third), and Jocelyn Vollmar and Todd Bolender (fourth). Of these, only three are still dancing: Magallanes and Moncion with the New York City Ballet, and Miss Vollmar with the San Francisco Ballet.

Symphony in C became almost the trademark of the New York City Ballet, a contemporary creation but elegantly classical, pure, and a superb example of Balanchine's genius in translating music into movement. It was appropriate, therefore, that at the opening of the season this year (November 19), *Symphony in C* should open the bill and launch the New York City Ballet on its twenty-first year. The cast was headed by Suki Schorer and Anthony Blum (first), Suzanne Farrell and Conrad Ludlow (second), Patricia McBride and Edward Villella (third), and Sara Leland and Frank Ohman (fourth).

Nostalgia can play tricks, and it is all too easy for the ballet buff to say, "But do you remember?" I thought this recent performance was most attractive, some of it absolutely dazzling, parts of it questionable. Suki Schorer, for example, is a pert and polished little dancer, but a Tallchief she is not.

Miss Farrell, whom I admire enormously in almost everything she does, had a passage in the *adagio* in which she accomplished a spectacular *penché arabesque* and then proceeded to press her face against the knee of her standing leg. This is an awfully good trick, and it earned her a round of applause, but it is the sort of stretch you do (if you can do it at all) in the classroom or backstage.

Villella and Miss McBride fulfilled to perfection exactly what Balanchine had choreographed in response to *allegro vivace*. This was the peak of this performance of *Symphony in C*, a great ballet which could, and should, last forever.

Another work which has lasted forever (more than seventy-five years) is *The Nutcracker*. It has been performed in various versions by both Imperial and Soviet companies in the land of its origin and by troupes around the world. In America, it is just about the only ballet you can find at Christmastime. In New York, right now, the New York City Ballet is presenting its sumptuous staging of the great classic as choreographed by Balanchine. Come New Year's Eve, the NYCB will give its 563rd *Nutcracker*.

As for other events of the New York City Ballet's forty-seventh New York engagement (through February 16), they will be discussed on another occasion.

The word "classic," when applied to dance, is almost a synonym for ballet in Western minds. But some years ago when I visited Ghana (then the Gold Coast), I was so impressed with the purity of movement line, with elegance of stance, with an almost sophisticated combination of physical dexterity with ceremony—in the dances I saw in Accra, the capital, and elsewhere—that when I returned home, I wrote an article on the classic dance as developed in Africa. Subsequently, it reached Accra, was translated into one of the major dialects (Fanti, I believe), and was published.

When the African Dance Company of Ghana, with J. H. Nketia as director and A.M. Opoku as artistic director, played in the Felt Forum of New York's Madison Square Garden recently, memory-images of sun-flecked outdoor dances and ceremonials fused with the immediacy of theatrical designs as the classic dance of West Africa reached America. On stage was reproduced the arrival of a high chieftain, his queen, and his court, as they moved with stately tread, the chief always protected by the royal umbrella, with a portable throne moved about to suit the royal desire.

This program was totally different from those we have already seen by Les Ballets Africains. The Ghanaian accent was upon decorum, graciousness, regal behavior, upon—well, classicism. To some, the first half of the program may have seemed to move slowly—it even said it would, for one of the dances was listed as *Slow Agbekor* ("Processional"). If the first half was elegant *adagio*, the second was bright *allegro* (with a *Fast Agbekor*). Earthiness, physical force, the recurrent use of pelvic actions were present, and these were exciting, indeed, but even in the swiftest, most emotional moments, the contours of classicism were retained.

An elegant African adventure this was. It should make you want to go to Ghana to see more—the lovely circle dances of the fisherfolk, inland rituals, folk dances in the fields and along the lanes, and, if you can tear yourself away from dancing, some of the most beautiful beaches in the world.

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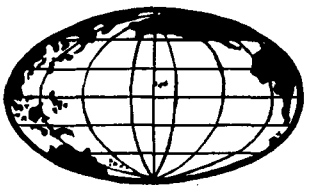

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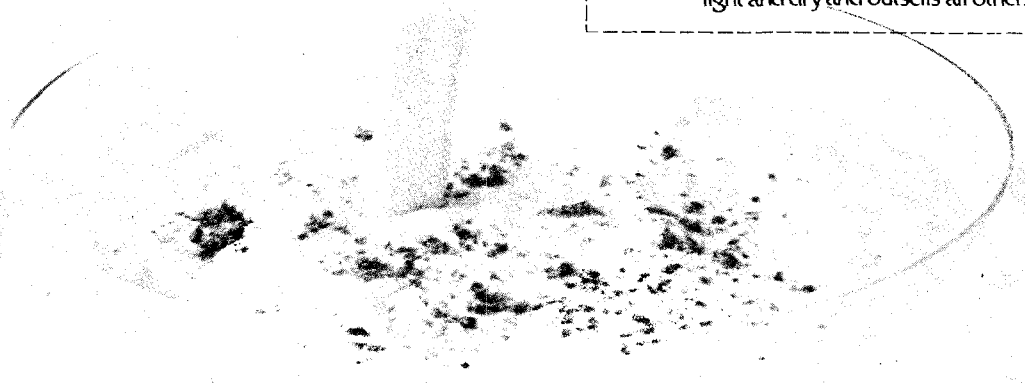

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Essays

DOMINATED MAN. By Albert Memmi. Orion. $5.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Selected Essays from the "Rambler," "Adventurer," and "Idler." Edited by W. J. Bate. Yale. Hardbound, $12.50. Paperback, $3.75.

Fiction

HARVEST OF SHORT STORIES. By Marie de Nervaud Dun. Silvermine. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE PROFESSIONALS. By Derwent May. David White. $4.95.

History

AIR ATLANTIC: A History of Civil and Military Transatlantic Flying. By Alan Wykes. David White. $5.95.

CHARITIES AND SOCIAL AID IN GREECE AND ROME. By A. R. Hands. Cornell. $6.50.

CHINA IN REVOLUTION: The First Phase, 1900-1913. By Mary Clabaugh Wright. Yale. $15.

FINLAND, GERMANY, AND THE SOVIET UNION, 1940-1941: The Petsamo Dispute. By H. Peter Krosby. Wisconsin. $6.75.

A HISTORY OF MODERN SOUTHEAST ASIA: Colonialism, Nationalism, and Decolonization. By John Bastin and Harry J. Brenda. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

International Affairs

MODERN GREECE. By John Campbell and Philip Sherrard. Praeger. $9.

THE SOVIET SYSTEM AND MODERN SOCIETY. By George Fischer. Atherton. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

MELVILLE'S THEMATICS OF FORM: The Great Art of Telling the Truth. By Edgar A. Dryden. Johns Hopkins. $6.95.

THE PILLAR OF THE WORLD: Antony and Cleopatra in Shakespeare's Development. By Julian Markels. Ohio State. $6.

THE ROOT OF THE THING: Job and the Song of Songs. By Albert Cook. Indiana. $6.95.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON NOVELISTS AND FICTION. By Ioan Williams. Barnes & Noble. $10.

Miscellany

AUTOMOBILES OF THE WORLD. By Joseph Wherry. Chilton. $27.50.

GOLF: New Horizons. By Gene Sarazen with Peter McLean. Crowell. $6.95.

HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING FROM NOTHING. By Ruth Stearns Egge. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

ISRAEL: A Reader. By Bill Adler. Chilton. $5.50.

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Vol. XII. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree. Yale. $15.

PERSPECTIVES IN REPRODUCTION AND SEXUAL BEHAVIOR. Edited by Milton Diamond. Indiana. $17.50.

Personal History

ALEXANDER POPE: The Education of Genius, 1688-1728. By Peter Quennell. Stein & Day. $7.95.

DANIEL HALE WILLIAMS: Negro Surgeon. By Helen Buckler. Pitman. $6.95.

FAMOUS EX-PRIESTS. By Emmett McLoughlin. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

THE FRANCISCAN OF BOURGES. By Marc Tolédano. Grossman. $5.

LOOKING AT MY HEART. By Dr. Philip Blaiberg. Stein & Day. $5.95.

YANKEE STEPFATHER: General O. O. Howard and the Freedmen. By William S. McFeely. Yale. $10.

Poetry, Plays

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER. Edited by David M. Vieth. Yale. $10.

NEW BLACK PLAYWRIGHTS. Edited by William Counch, Jr. Louisiana State. $6.95.

WATCH US PASS. By Robert Canzoneri. Ohio State. $5.

Psychology, Sociology

JEWS AND INTERMARRIAGE: A Study in Personality and Culture. By Louis A. Berman. Yoseloff. $12.

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT MARRIAGE. By Samuel Tenenbaum, Ph.D. Barnes. $6.95.

SOCIOLOGY AND THE STEREOTYPE OF THE CRIMINAL. By Dennis Chapman. Barnes & Noble. $8.

TREATMENT OR TORTURE. By G. S. Seaborn Jones. Barnes & Noble. $8.75.

Religion, Philosophy

GREAT MEN AND MOVEMENTS IN ISRAEL. By Rudolf Kittel. Ktav. $10.

MEANING AND ACTION: A Critical History of Pragmatism. By H. S. Thayer. Bobbs-Merrill. $10.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S EARLY THEORY OF MAN, A.D. 386-391. By Robert J. O'Connell, S.J. Harvard. $10.

THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS. Edited by C. G. Montefiore. Ktav. $22.50.

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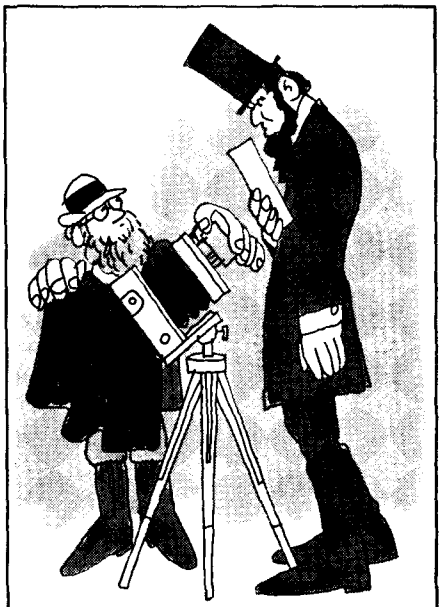

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One Thing and Another

Continued from page 23

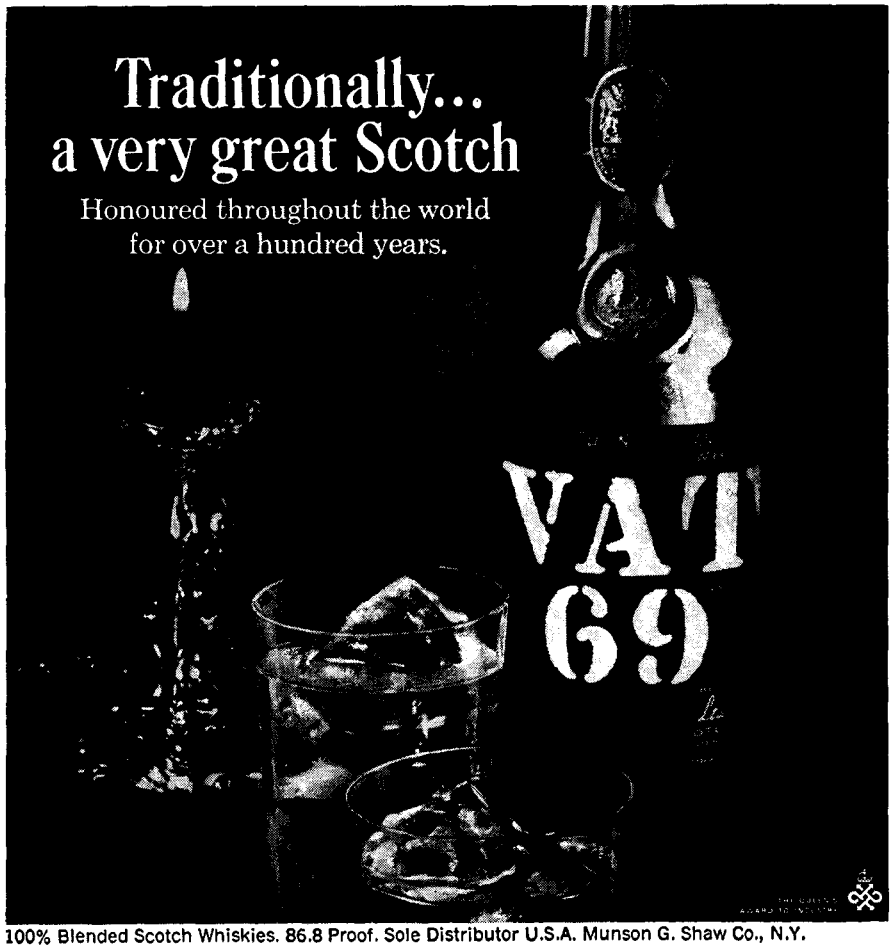
the books he most enjoyed as a boy, the kind of book he enjoyed now ("the well-written novel that takes me somewhere, like Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*"), and the younger generation, whom he liked to meet. "But I am glad," he said, "that I myself was young in a time when people were so different from one another, had opinions and individual philosophies. You had to know them. You couldn't invent them."

The time was running on, the shadows were falling and so was the rain, and a visitor had to think about leaving. "Come back when you can," Mr. Richter called from the porch. As I drove through Pine Grove toward Route 22 I seemed to see all those characters with whom he had memorably peopled the place—Lucy Markle in *Always Young and Fair*, John Donner (Richter himself) in *The Waters of Kronos*, and his father Harry in *A Simple Honorable Man*. No village could ask more of its first citizen.

To that company, in a book published the month before his death (*The Aristocrat*, Knopf, $4.50), Mr. Richter adds one final, vivid member, Miss Alexandria Morley, a humane autocrat who believes in manners, fortitude, personal decency. It is among the lesser Richter books, but the old Richter values are there.

The embodiment of those values in his novels will endure in American literature, I believe, because Richter's artistic values were no less rigorous. In his foreword to *The Sea of Grass* he spoke of the "endless, small authenticities without which life would not be life." But he was never their prisoner. A tireless compiler of facts, he was amazing in his selectivity, as witness the distillation of theme, narrative, and character in his shorter works. He cherished control and order and they were magnificently present in his longest fiction, the Pennsylvania-Ohio trilogy, which strides across two centuries and in sum is a single novel. It was reissued two years ago in one volume, *The Awakening Land*. Even when, late in his career, he moved toward a kind of mysticism, writing on two levels of time in *The Waters of Kronos*, his precision did not falter.

What I am suggesting, as you will have surmised, is that Conrad Richter was one of the truly fine American writers, and not merely of his own era. How else is one to describe the author of what may be the best novel of the early American frontier we have had, and of another that is even now a lyrical classic of the sunset of the old cattlemen's grassy open range?



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Reader's Festival

Continued from page 29

the book is primarily for independent reading by ages 10-14.

The Dark Canoe. *By Scott O'Dell. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Houghton Mifflin.* 165 *pp.* $3.50. "Hath the wood of this canoe-chest-coffin a darkish cast? Doth it remind thee somewhat of old, heathenish lumber hewn from aboriginal graves?" Caleb recalled that such a dark canoe had been chosen by Queequeg for his coffin, but Caleb saw almost everything in relation to *Moby Dick*, since he fancied himself as Ahab. The theme of identification is woven into the fabric of a story written with flair but overcrowded with symbolism, allusion, and drama. Caleb's fantasies are added to the mystery of a brother lost at sea, the question of why Caleb didn't speak up when he was on trial (for letting a ship founder on a reef), and the suspicion that his dead brother lied in the courtroom. While O'Dell's writing is always vivid and evocative, the threads of plot are snarled. Ages 11-14.

The Traitors. *By James Forman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 238 *pp.* $3.95. Like other German towns, Ravenskirch had lost most of its young men in World War I, had suffered through depression and inflation, and was ripe for a cause—which Hitler provided. For the glory of the Reich, young Kurt Eichhorn dedicated his life to his Führer; for the sake of God and man his quiet father, Pastor Eichhorn, fought Nazi power; torn between them was the Pastor's foster son Paul, frail and timid. As in other German towns, it was just such little men as Paul and the Pastor who became "traitors," their courage fortified by horror at Nazi brutality and the long tragedy of war. Forman's writing has rugged strength and his people are compellingly real. Especially perceptive is the portrayal of Paul, the weakling torn between admiration for his virile brother, fear of the Nazis, friendship with a Jewish family, and a growing conviction that he must join the traitors. Ages 13 up.

The Great Depression: The United States in the Thirties. *By Robert Goldston. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by Donald Carrick. Bobbs-Merrill.* 218 *pp.* $4.95. Already established as a distinguished documentarian of this century, Goldston analyzes with penetrating dispassion the intricate events of the boom-and-bust years that left indelible marks upon the American people and that, during the Roosevelt Administration, shaped major changes in social, political, and economic programs. The writing is mature but never pedantic, lightened by occasional flashes of caustic wit; the photographs give dramatic confirmation of the tragedy of the Depression era. Both index and bibliography are noteworthy. Ages 13-up.

Black on Black: Commentaries by Negro Americans. *Edited by Arnold Adoff. Macmillan.* 236 *pp.* $5.95. Any way you look at it, this is a superb anthology. Some of the voices are bitter, some moderate; all are articulate, thoughtful, and pertinent,

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whether they speak in the measured prose of Douglass and King or the staccato of Bill Russell. Among the men whose articles and excerpts discuss racism, the black psyche, the white liberal, Malcolm X, the ghetto captive, and the Negro writer are Stokely Carmichael, Ralph Ellison, Langston Hughes, W. E. B. Du Bois, Gordon Parks, Richard Wright, Lerone Bennett, Jr., and Walter White. Martin Luther King says in his "Letter from Birmingham Jail": "Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will." Thanks to the editor's discriminating selection, here is an opportunity to deepen understanding. Ages 14 up.

Training an Actor: The Stanislavski Method in Class. *By Sonia Moore. Viking.* 260 *pp.* $5.75. Based on tape recordings made during Mrs. Moore's classes, this explication of the Stanislavski system is certainly more intriguing than a description would be, and possibly more effective. Working with a small group of neophytes, Mrs. Moore explains both the theories of Stanislavski and their implementation by individual actors. The young people make mistakes, argue, defend themselves, question, learn, and improve as they go through exercises that develop control and technique, and as they read parts and mercilessly analyze each other's performances. For young adults.

The Two of Us. *By Claude Berri. Translated by Helen Weaver. Morrow.* 156 *pp.* $4.95. Claude is only nine. He understands that his parents have sent him to the French countryside because of the war; he understands that he is not supposed to tell his hosts that he is Jewish; but he doesn't understand why it is so terrible to be Jewish. Pepe, the farmer with whom Claude lives, tells him—for the old man hates Jews, Masons, Bolsheviks, the English, and eating meat, among other things. The only people the curmudgeon loves are his hero, Petain, and the small, charming boy who has come to live with him. The mischievous child teases Pepe unmercifully, even to accusing him of being Jewish. Because the book shows so deftly the stupidity of prejudice, and because it is written with love and laughter, it has no bitter overtones. The relationship between the child who tells the story and the old man, who is sometimes the more childish of the two, is warm and touching. For young adults.

—From "The Laura Ingalls Wilder Songbook."

Fallen Sons

Continued from page 27

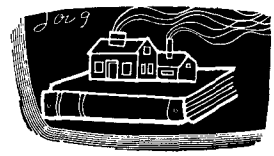
respond either to the preadolescent mind or to his own boyhood milieu.

The final selection, "The Reading of the Will," like the first, brings into play Knowles's tendency to experiment with technique. In both he uses time-shift in order to gain new perspective on his subject matter. Both works end ironically, suddenly turning to an idea or an object that Knowles wants us to recognize as his true dramatic focus. The apparent focus of "The Reading of the Will" is a manila envelope carried unopened from Connecticut to Cairo. The many images of death introduced by Knowles convey beautifully the point that the envelope is more alive than any person in the story. Unfortunately, it cannot carry the dramatic burden he has been generating.

"Phineas," the title story, on which *A Separate Peace* was based, fails because of this same lack of follow-through. The main character is not given sufficient life, and compared to the novel it seems rushed and clumsy. "Phineas," like its companion pieces, does not add to Knowles's standing either as a short-story writer or as a developing artist.

Tape-recorded Unreality: Long before the author of *a* (Grove, $10) became famous, zoologists had heard tales of a mythical beast called a Warhol. The creature was said to feed on the refuse of a civilized society (long since decadent and destroyed) and to pass the material easily through its system, finally ejecting it completely undigested but neatly packaged in colored containers. The bored denizens of this doomed society valued the beast's droppings highly and collected them avidly, vying with one another to assemble the largest heaps. The zoologists, naturally, rejected these tales as unscientific nonsense.

As near as I can make out, the 451 pages in this volume were printed without correction from inaccurate transcriptions made by various typists from poorly recorded tapes, which in turn had been assembled by following one of Andy Warhol's friends around with a



tape recorder. I have tried hard to read it all, and nearly succeeded. No words except those contained in the book can adequately convey the dullness of the experience.

This might be enough said. But since the one-upmen of "In" will no doubt provide ingenious slogans purporting to demonstrate the importance of this "ultimate realism," I will add a few words of my own. First of all, the book is not important. It is not ultimate. It is not real. It is not even a failure, since nothing is really attempted. It is simply hours of dull conversation, haphazardly recorded, sloppily typed, irresponsibly printed, and greedily published.

Reality—bless its heart—is not to be captured easily; but we did not require *a* to make that discovery. The whole lesson of literary history is that reality is elusive, not to be caught in verbal traps except by the most powerfully imaginative writers—people who feel, think, care, and work. Warhol does none of this. His book is not a "novel," and it is not by Andy Warhol. He has neither edited nor written it; he has merely marketed it. The tapes it purports to represent are censored, misunderstood fragments of talk among the pathetic creatures who inhabit Warhol's Underground. Tolkien's Hobbits have greater reality. —Robert Scholes.

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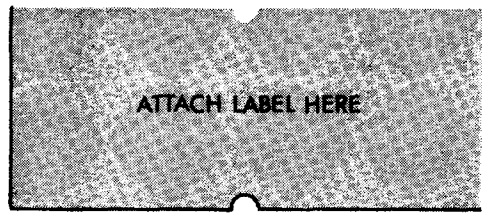

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A Musical Bookshelf For the Christmas Shopper

Musical books have been more than commonly common in 1968, the range both wide and varied. Herewith is a survey of some of the best (excluding those which have been reviewed or mentioned in prior issues of SR).

Hugo Wolf.

Giacomo Puccini.

Biography

Hugo Wolf, A Biography, *by Frank Walker (Alfred A. Knopf, $12.50).* A prior version of this important Wolf biography first appeared in 1951, but Walker's study—now with a once-suppressed chapter on Wolf's personal life—is the definitive, most inclusive book on the subject. At the time of its earlier publication, the writer had worked on it, on and off, for fifteen years, tracking down Wolf manuscripts and visiting the composer's surviving relatives and friends in Austria. Wolf, the great composer of songs, contracted syphilis in his youth and spent the rest of his life in a losing fight against insanity. Ravaged by the disease, he died at forty-three in 1903, hopelessly mad and paralyzed. Walker contrasts Wolf's productive times with the periods when he raged against his inability to create, when his eccentricities verged on insanity. The estimable biography includes a complete bibliography plus a thorough catalogue of Wolf's songs and other music.

Portrait of Elgar, *by Michael Kennedy (Oxford University Press, $10.00).* The music of Elgar, having fallen fully out of fashion for nearly three decades after his death in 1934, has lately been achieving new stature in the concert hall and on recordings. Kennedy has been as timely with his Elgar biography as he was with his previous volume on Vaughan Williams, giving sensitive portraits of both these great figures of English music during the first half of the century. Kennedy sets out to displace the outmoded Edwardian legend of Elgar with a convincing picture of a complex, lonely man of great gifts, whose music has never quite achieved its deserved place. From his birth in 1857 in Broadheath to his death in Worcester, Elgar is seen as the very model of an English country squire, yet tortured by neurotic self-doubt. Aiming at and achieving a detailed narrative, Kennedy has made use of many unpublished letters of the composer. This highly valuable biography is followed by a chronological list of works, a select bibliography, a list of recordings led by Elgar, and a classified index of his works.

Richard Wagner, the Man, His Mind, and His Music, *by Robert W. Gutman (Harcourt Brace & World, $12.50).* Author Gutman is clearly a man of the contemporary world in his deeply psychological handling of Wagner's life and works. This highly controversial biography begins and ends with the implicit premise that Wagner's anti-Semitism and numerous negative character traits carry over into his music. Understandably, the author has felt the necessity of brushing away the Wagnerian cobwebs, of breaking away from the old, long-held-to preconceived notions about the composer—myths that came into being with Wagner's autobiography, *Mein Leben.* Despite Ernest Newman's great *Life of Richard Wagner,* Gutman must be credited with the first fully modern one-volume biography. His aim is to relate Wagner to the history of ideas—the mainstream relates Wagner's fierce anti-Semitism to Hitler's—and the author then tries to explain the music in terms of Wagner's non-musical writings. Perhaps no book on Wagner before this has so closely and scrupulously interrelated the themes of Wagner's life with themes of his works. Bound to provide nights of heated discussion.

Carl Maria von Weber, *by John Warrack (The Macmillan Company, $7.95).* Since Weber's operas have enjoyed little esteem outside Germany and Austria, it is not surprising that this is the first exhaustive work in English on this major figure of German Romanticism. Warrack's biography analyzes, in detail, all of Weber's operas from *Silvana* to *Oberon,* as well as rarely heard orchestral and instrumental compositions. Intertwined is a thoroughly documented narrative of the composer's short life, from his birth near Lubeck in 1786 to his death in London in 1826. For a complete study of Weber, he has tried to show how the composer's music influenced later Romanticism and how he himself responded to Europe after the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars. In this period, when music was looked upon as the ideal art, Weber is seen as taking an essential part of his character from the period and, in turn, helping to give it a distinctive artistic color. This excellent addition to the literature on the Romantic era is well embellished by copious musical examples, listing of first performances, a comprehensive catalogue of works, and an extensive bibliography.

Opera

The Operas of Puccini, *by William Ashbrook (Oxford University Press, $7.50).* Metropolitan Opera Manager Gatti-Casazza once summed up the place of Puccini's operas in local musical life when he said that they "speak above all to the emotions of the public, and speak in a voice that is original, moving, penetrating, and sincere," even to those caring little for musical technicalities. In Ashbrook's excellent discussion and detailed investigation of Puccini's stage works, he addresses himself to both camps: those who love it purely and simply, and those who want to experience it in depth. In this first book to deal specifically with all twelve of Puccini's operas (from *Le Villi* to *Turandot*), he examines each work musically, discusses the libretto and performance history of each, and relates them to events in the composer's own stormy life. Among the features are plot summaries of all the operas and a close consideration of their dramaturgy as developed in the music, a review of the circumstances of composition of each opera, a description of ideas Puccini rejected as well as those he accepted, an account of Puccini's contributions to the librettos, a history of his revisions, and detailed references to the autograph scores, which offer insight into his musical methods. Definitely for the "full house" of operagoers.

The Victor Book of the Opera, *revised by Henry W. Simon (Simon & Schuster, $8.50).* This granddaddy of American opera books comes of age in its thirteenth edition, emerging larger, more fully illustrated, and with a completely updated repertoire for today's operagoers. The volume covers 120 works, with historical background and act-by-act summaries—as well as complete listings of the best available recordings, an outline history of opera, and over 400 well chosen illustrations of composers, singers, and scenes from operas. To the standard works have been added twenty-nine operas, old and new, for the first time, reflecting the tastes of current impresarios and public—works from Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea* and Handel's *Julius Caesar* to Verdi's *Luisa Miller,* Berlioz's *Les Troyens,* and Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten.* From the modern repertoire are major works by Barber, Bartók, Britten, Ginastera, Menotti, Moore, and Poulenc. For over half a century, *The Victor Book of Opera* has supplied operatic information for thousands of eager Americans, beginning with the first edition of 1912, and this new edition may find an even wider audience. It includes a complete discography of all available recordings of the operas at hand, without respect for label of origin.

Ideas

Music and People, *by Ned Rorem (George Braziller, $5.95).* By recent evidence of no fewer than four new books, American composer Ned Rorem is fast becoming as much a critic, storyteller, commentator, and historian as he is a creator of music. This newest addition, he states, "purposes two attitudes of one person toward the artistic (mostly music) tone of the fairly recent past and present." The first of these is a series of pieces dealing with personalities or trends, which are interspersed with Interludes, "unquestionably subjective, sometimes forming postscripts to the essays, more often taking their own disordered path." Among the people and subjects met along this highly literate way are the Beatles, Poulenc, Bernac, R. Strauss, Foss, Flanagan,

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Toscanini, Pound, Cocteau, Williams, Stravinsky, and Martha Graham. The Interludes offer a running commentary on a variety of topics ranging from Rorem's childhood to the making of an opera from its inception. In a final essay, he deals with that much-discussed, little-resolved subject: "Where is Our Music Going?"

Notes of an Apprenticeship, *by Pierre Boulez (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95).* Written between 1948 and 1962, these complex essays by composer-conductor Boulez were collected and presented by Paul Thévenin in Paris in 1966, and are here translated from the French by Herbert Weinstock. The controversial thinker Boulez (born in 1925) came to Paris to study music just after the war, when the long-unheard music of the "Viennese School" (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern) came as a revelation to the younger European generation. After studies with René Leibowitz and Olivier Messiaen, he founded his Domaine Musicale—still a leading showcase for new music in Europe—and he advanced his standing as one of the two or three principal figures in new European music. A by-product of his early battles and antagonisms in his own country was this series of articles, position papers, analyses, polemics, and philosophical essays collected as *Relevés d'apprenti*—the record of an apprenticeship in a new, developing, still not fully understood art and craft: music. Boulez deals unswervingly with the esthetics and techniques of today's sounds, and quite harshly with most twentieth-century composers, save Debussy and Webern. Despite the occasional hard going through the language and technical talk, these writings lay open one of today's most searching musical minds.

General

101 Masterpieces of Music and Their Composers, *by Martin Bookspan (Doubleday, $7.95).* Since 1958, Bookspan has penned a continuing series of monthly articles for *Hi Fi/Stereo Review,* each one focusing on a different musical work of the standard repertoire and assessing the various available recordings of it. His jumping-off point was the much-quoted statement by Virgil Thomson (then music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*) that the backbone of the orchestral repertoire was made up of "fifty pieces" repeated year after year. But since then, with deeper explorations into the vast range of musical works, the figure of fifty has no longer remained valid—and so Bookspan's series has continued. Now these collected articles are gathered under one cover, ranging from J. S. Bach, *Brandenburg Concertos,* to Antonio Vivaldi, *The Four Seasons,* covering all the most popular works in the orchestral and chamber music category. In this informative, well grounded book, he has greatly expanded on the original material, incorporating pertinent biographical sketches of the composers, amplifying the historical and analytical information, and completely re-evaluating all the available recordings of each work. Of further use is the glossary of terms, a list of related books, capsule composer biographies, and a recordings check list. All the basics for discophiles and concertgoers.

—Robert Jacobson.

Norelco's Wide-Ranging L-638

THIS year's choice for a portable all-wave radio companion on a late-summer trip to Europe was the Norelco FM-AM Deluxe, which bears the catalogue designation L-638. It is neither the largest nor the lightest, the most expensive nor the cheapest of units promising comparable performance qualities. At a suggested price of "less than $200" (in actuality, only microscopically "less"), the Norelco FM-AM Deluxe is in a bracket with such other units as the Zenith Trans-Oceanic (3000-1), the Panasonic (RF 3000-A or RF 5000-A), or the NordMende Traveler II.

Thus, this report does not pretend to establish the Norelco's superiority to all other units of similar size and rating. That, obviously, would involve field tests beyond the reach of the casual traveler. But it is designed to report the unfailingly satisfactory performance of the Norelco, and to indicate at least one respect in which it provided a result superior to other units utilized on such trips in the recent past. Among its attributes are three highly efficient antennae (one each for AM, FM, and shortwave); a pedestal arrangement on which the unit can be swiveled to positions previously plotted on the Azimuth Ring, thus serving as a direction finder (the feet of the pedestal lock in position under the unit while traveling); and, most important of all, a seven-inch "Ticonal VII" speaker which gives a quality of sound much above the portable average (even the "Deluxe" portable average) for music. It yields comparable benefits for speech.

Having secured the proper Custom Form 4457 (which, the traveler should be reminded, identifies property taken out of the country, especially property of foreign manufacture, and indemnifies him against custom charges when it is brought back into the country), the Norelco Deluxe was stowed under the aircraft seat for the journey. Though sizable for a portable (14 x 9⅝ x 4¾), it weighs in at about 14 pounds and has a solid bar handle for easy portability.

This was the late-summer week of the scheduled Democratic convention in Chicago and the unscheduled occupation of Czechoslovakia by the U.S.S.R. The appetite for news was keen, the sources of supply in London, no matter how numerous, never quite sufficient. BBC's Home Service left little doubt of major occurrences, in detail and in depth; for the fringe of minor but illuminating addenda, the four shortwave bands, plus those giving access to ordinary European medium-wave activity, were readily available by the Thames-side (including Voice of America).

Subsequent experiences elsewhere suggested that transmitters of greater power than had been utilized in the past were giving VA programs wider distribution than previously. It is also a pleasure to report that, after some years of cringing under the self-serving kind of news reporting disseminated by Washington, the traveler (American) who listens in on such reportage will find it almost as objective as BBC's. It is, of course, not intended for such travelers. But for those who believe in the Golden Rule about "Doing unto others," such objectivity is the reasonable rule of procedure for a great country to follow. Whether the credit belongs to John Chancellor, who has been the most recent, publicized head of VA, or to some other influence, it is a welcome continuation of the upgrading begun by the late Ed Murrow.

Removing from England to Switzerland, the altered surroundings shifted emphasis exclusively to shortwave with no less success. Here *London Calling* was instantly available at the appropriate hours, and, when proper points of reference had been established, the Voice of America also.

First in Lucerne (later in Berne and Montreux), a welcome reacquaintance was established with the by-now legendary Armed Forces Network (whose call letters have been amended to include television as well as radio). Whether in its reportage of news, sports, or a broad range of other U.S.-based activities, AFN upholds its distinction of presenting the truest likeness of our varied "culture" to be heard abroad.

To all changes of locality and terrain, Norelco Portable L-638 responded with authority and discrimination. If there is a complaint with its design, it is that the handle doesn't function well when the FM-AM antennae behind it are in place, and the shortwave antenna, though highly functional, also occupies part of the same space (when in use) as the handle. However, these are as minimal as minimal objections can get. Norelco L-638 is a triumph of design and a beautiful mechanism for anyone who wants to sustain contact with the world's happenings, no matter where.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Bombs in the Back Yard

Continued from page 12

worry that an accidental launch of a Russian missile will hit one of our cities! There are few things of which one can be absolutely sure, but common sense should make us very nearly certain that the Chinese, at a time when they will have only a few intercontinental missiles, would not make a completely suicidal attack against the tremendous nuclear might of the United States. Such an attack seems much less certain than an accidental Sprint or Spartan detonation.

More serious than the Chinese "threat" is the technical possibility that an accidentally launched Russian missile might come our way. We have more than a thousand missiles in underground silos, with their computers and radars all adjusted to guide them toward various Russian cities and missile sites, and the Soviets likewise have several hundred missiles aimed at us. The chance that a Soviet missile would be launched accidentally may seem fairly remote. But what we are considering is more unlikely than that. We are considering the chance not only that a Soviet missile will malfunction and be launched, but that it will malfunction in such a way that it functions perfectly and aims directly at an American city 8,000 miles away. Although the likelihood of this double feat seems very small indeed, it is perhaps more probable than a Chinese attack.

Which, then, seems the more likely: a few hundred Soviet missiles being so perfectly launched accidentally as to hit an American city, or one of several hundred American missiles simply exploding accidentally where it sits on the edge of a city? The first seems to require two accidents in succession, the latter a single accident. Even if it is a fairly remote chance, it seems considerably more likely that an American city would suffer nuclear calamity from an accident at home than from a Soviet accident.

Thus, if the Army persists in its plan to put the Sentinel missile sites on the edge of population centers, even from the limited local point of view the cure is worse than the disease. This situation could be remedied by moving the missile sites out into open country, where the Spartans would be just as ready to intercept an accidentally launched missile.

Civilians can make such a change when the Army submits its missile-site plans for Congressional approval, starting with a hearing before the normally cooperative Joint Armed Services Committee, scheduled for this month.

Introducing more danger than one is trying to prevent is typical of the whole effort to attain national safety through ABM defense. This larger folly can be remedied only by having the people and their Congress learn, perhaps through these local mistakes, that national safety is not to be sought by pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of ABM defense. This defense would not be effective against a massive Soviet attack, according to those highly placed experts who have had a thorough look at the military and technical factors involved, but who have no vested interest in military empire-building—former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and all of the science advisers of the last three Presidents. People must learn that national safety in the precarious nuclear age should be sought instead by more vigorous pursuit of international agreements—which the Soviet Union appears to be ready to pursue to our mutual benefit—by cutting off the deployment of offensive and defensive missiles of the nuclear giants, by avoiding the spread of nuclear weapons to many nations, and by otherwise "taming the atom" so that we may turn our energies more fully to improving the lot of mankind and removing the causes of war.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1324

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1324 will be found in the next issue.

AJQOZONZ . . . ON L ZLUOL GAD ZLOUQLOUOUB QXLQ LHH ON RPHH RXPU QXOUBN LDP BAOUB CLKHI.

—SAHQLODP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1323

Party is the madness of the many for the good of the few. —POPE.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column 1 should read: 6 ("The Ladies"), 4 ("The Height of the Ridiculous"), 10 ("The Raven"), 3 (*The Beggar's Opera*), 5 ("The Jackdaw of Rheims"), 7 (Song from *Phantastes*), 11 ("A Little While"), 9 ("Everybody Eats Too Much Anyhow"), 1 ("So Sweet Love Seemed"), 2 ("Tam O'Shanter"), 8 ("The Time I've Lost"), 12 ("Lament").

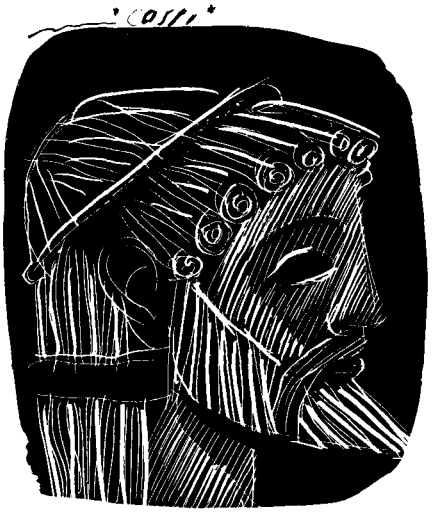
Pentagon Power

Continued from page 10

even influences the subjects our young people are studying in college today. In this manner, they are influencing quite directly the whole culture of America and the direction and tone of our national life.

In any society, there should be some institution—and hopefully there will be more than one—that stands in a position of judgment upon every other kind of institution. This was the role fulfilled by the medieval university in its dedication to the uncompromised pursuit of knowledge and truth. It is the role the university must continue to fulfill today. This is especially important when the problems which lend themselves to scholarly and academic review are as important to the future welfare of the nation as are the problems of today.

I hope that the people will bring some judgment to bear on the direction of the military complex, on the militarization



of our foreign policy, and on the influence of the military upon our domestic life.

This is particularly important now, because America is on the verge of becoming a great world leader. The question that we must decide—at least in part—is whether we will direct that leadership toward continuing a kind of militaristic policy, or whether we will attempt to blunt that thrust and to inject into American politics and into American government the acceptance and understanding of our true role: that this nation is not to make its record in the history of the world as a military power, but by demonstrating that all of those things that we claim for ourselves—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a basic belief in freedom and in the dignity and worth of the individual—are the real strengths of America and that these are the best gifts that we have to offer to the rest of the world.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

The Task That Remains

AS the present Administration prepares to fold its tents and vacate the seats of power, it can take comfort in the fact that no Administration in history has so successfully mobilized the resources of the nation in behalf of education. Recognizing that the task is little more than well begun, however, two influential members of the present Administration, U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe 2d, and Samuel Halperin, deputy assistant secretary for legislation of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), sat down recently to chart in informal fashion the directions they felt federal action in education should take in the immediate future. The resulting document, *The Federal Government's Remaining Job in Education*, is instructive.

Among their many recommendations they gave first priority to the "consolidation and coordination" of programs already in operation. The federal role in education has expanded dramatically in recent years and, inevitably, the many disparate programs need to be coordinated and simplified in the interest of efficiency and flexibility.

Closely related to the need for consolidation and coordination of the many new programs and "one of the major tasks for the future," Messrs. Howe and Halperin note, "is an organizational housecleaning and reordering of the federal role in education." Individual programs have been lodged in an almost infinite number of different agencies and consequently are not only difficult to administer efficiently, but even more difficult for the intended beneficiaries to use effectively. Many proposals have been made in recent years for restructuring the federal educational establishment. Most consistently supported have been recommendations for raising the education commissioner to the level of under secretary for education in HEW, or to raise education to cabinet rank as a separate department. Howe and Halperin, on the basis of experience, opt for the latter.

But both agree that merely raising the prestige and increasing the power of education in Washington is not the answer. What is required, they believe, is "a broad restructuring of the federal education enterprise in order to get at the problems of individual program improvement and consolidation." This does not mean that all education programs should be brought under one Department of Education umbrella, but rather that the federal government needs to develop a consistent and coherent policy within which the many and diverse education programs can function in coordinated fashion.

The role of the federal government has expanded greatly in the past five years. President-elect Nixon has, at this writing, given little indication of the policies his Administration will pursue in education. Almost certainly there will be changes—though the hard realities of national welfare may make them less dramatic than some anticipate. In any case, his Administration might well benefit from the valedictory statement of two highly informed men who have taken a long and dispassionate look at the task that remains.

—J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Should the Ghetto Govern?

ARE THE TEACHERS now employed by large cities in "dead end" jobs? Wallace Roberts's article, "The Battle for Urban Schools" [*SR*, Nov. 16], omitted the pertinent fact that the principals appointed by Rhody McCoy and the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board were not selected through the usual civil service channels. This action creates fear in the mind of the non-black teacher that his chances for advancement in the system are nil because of his skin color.

As a public school teacher, I detect a lack of humanism in the planners of the Ford Foundation. I detect an insensitivity to the fact that large cities are diverse in population and do not consist exclusively of Negroes. Could the reason be that the majority of professors of education now developing school decentralization plans have little actual classroom teaching experience in a large urban system?

BERTRAM E. LEVENSON,
Bronx, N.Y.

I NOTE that your issue of November 16 has a cover picture of Rhody McCoy. I trust that a future issue will have a picture of Albert Shanker on its cover. It certainly should!

MRS. SYLVIA DLUGATCH,
New York, N.Y.

I HAVE just completed Wallace Roberts's article, and I find it almost completely devoid of facts about the New York City school crisis. As a teacher who works in Brownsville, I note that not once did he mention "due process," which is the basic issue of this strike. Mr. McCoy dismissed the teachers in violation of Board of Education procedures, the UFT contract, and basic principles of fairness and justice. These teachers were not judged on their effectiveness (or lack of effectiveness) or their accomplishments in the classroom. They were accused of "sabotage" in the old Joe McCarthy tradition. No charges were filed; no hearings were held.

Finally, in early September, Judge Francis Rivers ruled that the teachers ought to be returned to their positions. Superintendent Donovan, McCoy's employer, has ordered him to do so.

McCoy and the small group of extremists who have seized control of the Ocean Hill schools have in effect been "striking" since they flouted Board of Education orders and sabotaged the two previous agreements. These people do not represent the community. No meaningful education has gone on at Ocean Hill under McCoy and his scabs and draft-dodger teachers. His attempt to find scapegoats who sabotage the project fools no one.

MARVIN DATZ,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Roberts replies, "A discussion of due process was deliberately omitted because for years teachers in New York City schools have been quietly transferred by the office of the Superintendent, without charges being filed or hearings held. Since the UFT never struck on this issue before, it appears that the union acted this time only because a local governing board with vaguely defined powers publicly insisted on the right to make similar transfers. This double standard on the enforcement of due process seems to make the concept subordinate to the real issue: Who shall control the schools?"*

IN AN OTHERWISE thoughtful article on the Ocean Hill-Brownsville decentralized schools, Wallace Roberts counts among the issues involved that of black and white racism. The black and white confrontation in America is due to the fact that ours is a white racist society against which the blacks have finally rebelled.

The separatism which characterizes developments in the black community today is the only option left to it in the light of our failure to achieve any significant degree of integration. Blacks may hate whitey, and understandably so, since white America has effectively confined them to ghettos. The tendency to categorize this response to white racism as "black racism" is to obfuscate the issue and may well be reflective of the subtleties that characterize white racism itself.

CARLETON M. FISHER,
Freeport, N.Y.

Spreading Success

I AM ENCOURAGED to think that there may be some hope for education in America after reading Evans Clinchy's article, "Good School in a Ghetto" [*SR*, Nov. 16]. The exciting description of the classrooms at the Boardman School could also describe what happens in some of the good nursery schools across the country. The tragedy has been that when a child left the nursery school and entered the public school, he also left a stimulating environment and entered a stultifying one. Until recently, there seems to have been a dogged effort to extend this stultifying environment down into the preschool programs.

Now, however, there is hope that an opposite trend may be manifesting itself—that the free and creative environment of the good nursery school may be used as a model for public school classrooms. What is desperately needed is some way to assess the gains made by children in the kind of learning environment described in Mr. Clinchy's article. We need a public awareness that the currently used criteria for assessing scholastic achievement are outmoded, archaic, useless, or even detrimental—perhaps appropriate for a generation ago, but no good in today's world of revolutionary change.

PHYLLIS HAAS,
Seattle, Wash.

A Long Way, Baby

THE ACCOUNT, "It's Better Together" [*SR*, Nov. 16], of Gardner Patterson's report to the Princeton trustees on the advantages of coeducation to the men on campus is good enough as far as it goes. Girls, too, might profit in some ways by the arrangement. Since World War II, multiple forces of reaction have pressured women to be recessive, population-exploding females, ancillary to men, rather than well developed individuals and really participating citizens. Certainly, through the long Roosevelt era and the preceding decade women played a more important and exhilarating role in this culture. Perhaps a fresh development of this nature is on the horizon.

One must ask, however, whether the proposed Princeton ratio of one woman student to four men would not tend to deprive girls of the opportunity to run things, as they have done in women's colleges, and accordingly, to discover their individual abilities.

Let's be candid. If coeducation is to benefit girls, generalizations on "women's nature" or "preferences" had better be consigned to mothballs. Girls come in individual packages, like boys, and are influenced by expectations for them.

The most gifted girls today believe that equal cooperation must continue after coeducation: that hung-over concepts of the family and child care require a fresh look and a fair shake-up. Girls scrutinize men bearing gifts because they have learned from experience that "some are more equal than others," and if they don't look out, they won't be women.

ELISE JERARD,
Chairman, Phi Beta Kappa
Environmental Study Group,
New York, N.Y.

Not All Bad

BONNIE STRETCH'S review of the COX Commission Report on Columbia last spring [BOOK REVIEW, *SR*, Nov. 16] seemed to miss one point, the same point missed by so many who write about the report: it necessarily emphasizes the negative. After reading the book, I returned to page 53 to find:

> In seeking to diagnose the conditions that led to the tearing April disturbances, we perforce emphasize the symptoms of infection. In the longer view, it is essential to maintain a different perspective. Columbia is a great university. We believe her condition to be fundamentally sound. Her strengths and values greatly outweigh the short-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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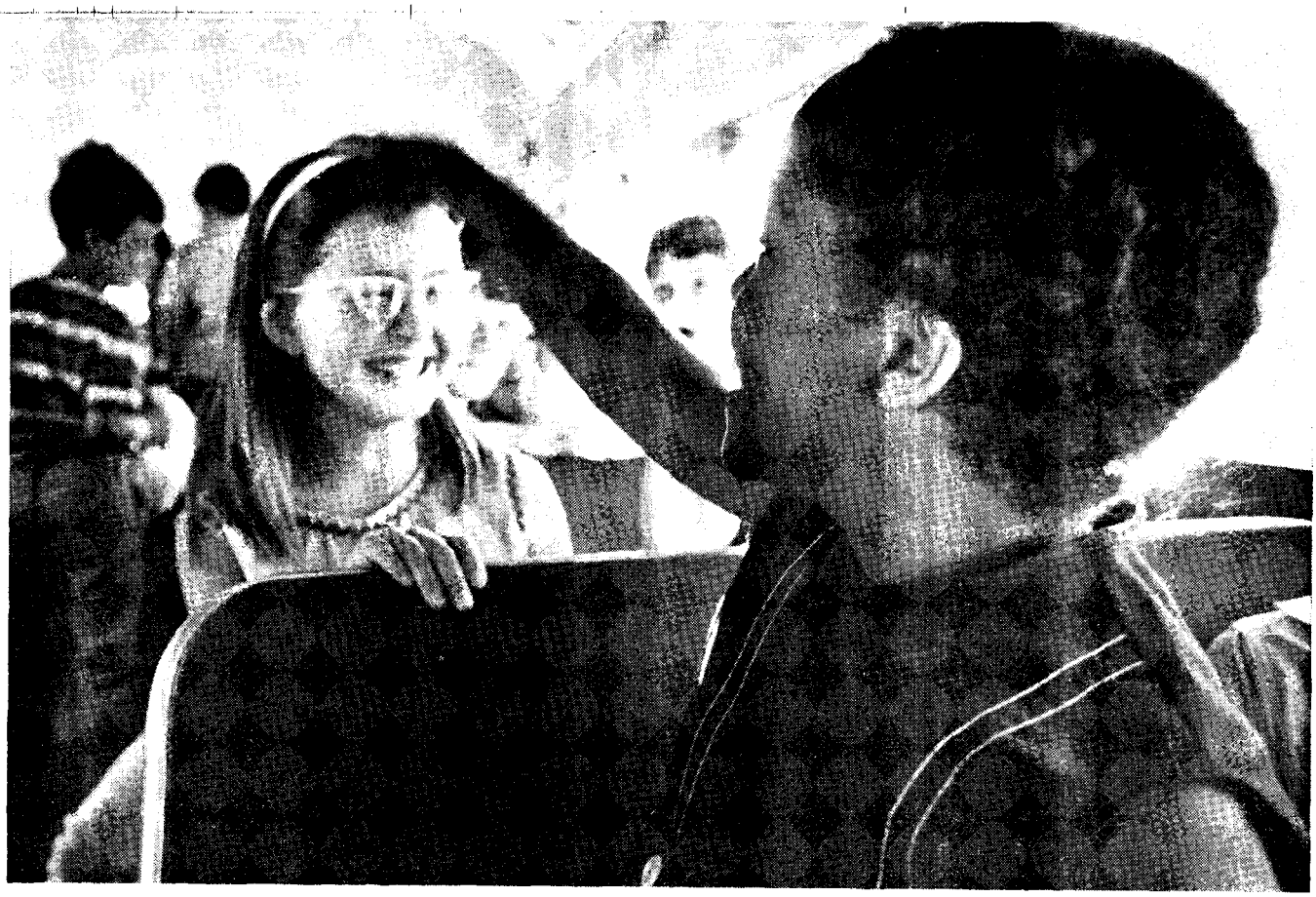

Photos by Michael Alexander.

Total two-way, crosstown busing, widespread community participation, and intensive teacher training are essential ingredients of Berkeley's desegregation.

THE BERKELEY PLAN

TACTICS FOR INTEGRATION

By RAY HALPERN

ON September 10, Berkeley, California, became the first city in the country with a significant minority population to desegregate its schools completely on the basis of a plan that involved total two-way, crosstown busing, widespread community participation, and intensive teacher training. U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe 2d wired the community: "You have struck a blow for justice that will have an impact far beyond the limits of Berkeley." And indeed, Galveston, Texas; Oklahoma City; and Pontiac, Michigan, are expected to move soon on the "Berkeley Plan."

Although school desegregation has run into opposition not only in the South, but also in the large cities of the North, where whites are becoming a minority, it remains a viable alternative for the nation's small and medium-sized cities in which the numbers of black children are not large enough to scare off white parents. The Berkeley story is an example of how one such city integrated its schools.

Admittedly, Berkeley has advantages. Its school system, governed by an elected five-man board and an appointed superintendent, serves a compact area of about 10 square miles with a population of 121,000. Enrollment is 51 per cent white, 41 per cent Negro, 7 per cent Oriental, and 1 per cent "other." The city is a desirable place to live in, even for those families with yearly incomes under $3,000 (15 per cent), for there is no hard-core slum; housing is relatively decent, if not attractive; and the climate is temperate.

But it is the people who make the greatest difference. Their education is high, about 50 per cent of the minority population own their own homes, and people with a great variety of skills and interests are naturally attracted by a university setting and by the university-as-employer.

Nonetheless, integration was not achieved without a certain degree of trauma. The first move occurred in 1964 when the school board determined to integrate the junior high schools by revoking the neighborhood pattern. The pattern was revoked, but the community erupted as well, and the shock waves left deep divisions in their wake. Crises recurred, school board hearings were attended by thousands, and, ultimately, new understanding developed.

THE divisions produced a recall election which resulted in an overwhelming endorsement of the incumbent and liberal school board and the new superintendent, Neil V. Sullivan, fresh from a triumph in Prince Edward County, Virginia, where he had reopened a school system closed for four years because of the unwillingness of white citizens to desegregate. The election turned the tide toward greater participation of the citizens in the support of activities that led to integration. Perhaps the most notable of these efforts was the Master Plan Committee, initiated by the board in May, 1965, whose 138 members "took

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the school system apart and put it back together in our own image," to quote Marc Monheimer, its chairman. It took two and a half years to accomplish this.

In the spring of 1967, the board decided to desegregate the elementary schools. In January 1968, it adopted a "revolutionary" plan of elementary integration that would abolish the neighborhood school and eventually convert "merely" desegregated schools into genuine communities. On September 10, this plan became a reality—and with hardly a tremor felt in the community. In fact, the conservative Berkeley *Gazette*, which had attacked every move along the way, stated in an editorial: "The Berkeley experiment could be one of the great contributions to education in this century. . . . We must begin with the hope and the will to make it a significant success."

The president of the chief organization to fight integration in Berkeley—Herbert Blasdale of Berkeley Citizens United—also conceded that integration is now "an accomplished fact, a going affair," and that he did not "anticipate any problems."

WHAT then is the Berkeley Plan? It is essential that it be understood, for already the media and educators are garbling it to mean "simply" desegregation, a physical mixing of the races within a school plant. It is more than that—it is a conscious attempt to create within each classroom a microcosm of the community as a whole, a social organism integrated heterogeneously on the bases of race, sex, academic achievement, and economic status.

Such a microcosm presumes a nurturing and supportive community and teaching staff, and a democratic cast to the education within the classroom. If the community remains united in its diversity, the classroom can also flourish in its variety. If the curriculum attends to real cultural, as well as individual, differences—in life-style, language, home background, music, humor—an integrating harmony can develop. Such is the theory—but the teacher, of course, is the key, and teachers are part of the diversity in the learning community. Theirs is perhaps the greatest challenge.

The transportation plan designed to affect the Community Classroom is correspondingly revolutionary—it is the first biracial busing system to be applied on more than a pilot basis. All white and non-white children in kindergarten through third grade now attend the formerly predominantly white schools and all children in grades four through six now attend the schools in the black community.

Sixteen schools, with a total enrollment of almost 9,000, are involved; and four attendance zones—each including several K-3 schools and one 4-6 school—have been defined to provide the right quantities of youngsters for the proper racial mix. About 3,500 children are being transported at a yearly cost of $200,000—less than a 1 per cent addition to the $21,000,000 budgeted for the schools.

The acceptance of such a far-reaching plan can be explained only by depicting the preceding decade of intense community confrontation. The key to this confrontation is that it was "integrated"—that the community—and particularly blacks and whites—were talking to each other, though quite often shouting. Few remained above the battle. And it was through working together in such "encounter grouping" that Negroes and whites developed sufficient trust in each other to demand that their children also participate in a genuine school community.

In other words, through the crises, through the confrontations of the past decade, liberal black and white forces learned to recognize their common interests and thus formed a coalition which achieved a liberal school board in 1961. But more to the point, even the conservatives entered the arena; they did not simply sabotage or move to the suburbs. They fought politically, and eventually became supporters of the new system.

Three thousand parents rode the buses before last summer to find out what it would be like for their children in the fall. On one night during Public Schools Week, 2,500 parents and children from feeder schools streamed into two upper-grade elementary schools. Numerous large contingents of black parents also visited K-3 schools in white neighborhoods.

The school district distributed two tabloid newspapers in the mails for several months before school opened in September to acquaint each resident with the main phases in integration, especially with zone information and bus schedules, but also with a survey of the movement toward integration in Berkeley. Then a corps of several hundred volunteers was organized to knock on 40,000 doors to distribute a "Fact Sheet on Integration" within a week before school opening so that questions could be met at their source.

Since each elementary school zone now cuts across several neighborhoods, many parents now find themselves with children at two and even three school sites, and they can no longer be proprietary toward one. Superintendent Sullivan remarked: "As soon as we went for integration the whites said, 'We're going to have to fix up those black schools.'"

Fixed up, they were. And black parents, encouraged by such developments, began joining PTAs and district school improvement organizations in impressive numbers.

The PTAs are perforce reorganizing to develop a zone orientation. Amanda Williams, head of Berkeley's PTA, does not know how traditional organizational forms must ultimately change to meet new conditions. But no one is worried. The forms will take care of themselves. It is service and action first. The executive council, serving twenty-one school units, attends to "troubleshooting integration," developing flexible programing, and bringing resourceful people wherever needed.

Dr. Sullivan visualizes an evolution of parent organization from a now obsolete school base to the zone and eventually to citywide or at least city-focused activity. He hopes that the PTA can accomplish this; but if not, he feels other organizations will. In any case, as Negro activist and junior high PTA president Carl Mack puts it, "the days of sippin' societies are out. Only those who had the time could do this. Negro parents want to know what's going on in the schools and how they can help. They need information centers."

ALMOST a thousand "para-professionals" are also engaged directly in bringing the outside community to the Community Classroom. One hundred teacher aides (mostly black) assist in "cluster teaching," in community liaison, in helping the black child form a self-image that encompasses confident learning. Although, as one aide put it, "The teacher's aide is often confused with the teacher's maid," he is a valued asset "that parents and kids can relate to."

Especially in the black community a new stage beyond integration can already be observed. Unlike white liberals who tend to see integration as a panacea, the black community views it as a vehicle "for surfacing the real issues of education in our community," as Ronald Dellums, militant black city councilman, explains it. "We are asking for a critical reassessment." He flatly states that no one—white or black—has been getting a good education and for confirmation points to the large number of middle-class dropouts in the Berkeley community who share with inadequately skilled black students the same basic complaint—lack of relevance.

"Once the pluralistic classroom is accepted emotionally," he says, "black and white parents can build a coalition around the generic needs of education: adequately trained teachers, better facilities, and imaginative and relevant curricula. Integration will cause us to face our values. The question will then become: Will a higher set of values emerge?"

At this point, however, most of the black parents are more concerned with

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specific remedies—particularly with the quality of teaching. That is why they are particularly jubilant now that they will be joined by white parents in the evaluation of ineffective or bigoted teachers. Formerly, they assert, the ghetto schools often received a disabling quota of such instructors. There is also satisfaction in knowing that teachers will now be assigned to schools on the basis of educational need rather than the teacher's preference, that status can no longer accrue to an elite.

Black parents, joined by numerous whites, have formed an organization called Quality Education for South and West Berkeley. Velma Bradley, its president, states, "We have black and white observers all over who are prepared for integration—parents are no longer going to tolerate bad teachers." She adds that black parents, having learned from whites, have developed "the guts to confront the school board" and would continue to scrutinize developments.

Mrs. Essie Smith, an active Quality Education member, stresses the great injustice of measuring out interest in a child in proportion to his parents' attendance at conferences and school functions. "White teachers must learn to handle differences. Don't they realize that 80 per cent of our mothers work—and that black parents feel uncomfortable with whites, that they don't want to do what they're forcing their kids to do? Whether I show up at school or not, the teacher should do her very best."

Whether the teacher is a bigot or an "idealist," the most destructive form that prejudice can take, she insists, is a low expectation of Negro youngsters. "As the prejudiced teachers retire, they'll be replaced with those who understand." At present, turnover is a minuscule 8 per cent, down from 22 per cent immediately prior to the new direction. As the community addressed itself with greater commitment to integration, so did the teachers.

YET it must be confessed that they have not taken a leadership role. It is the lay community, a liberal school board, and a hard-driving administrative staff led by Sullivan that have done the real pushing. Both teacher organizations, whether affiliated with the AFT or NEA, have continued to focus on salaries and small classes and not on the exciting pedagogical challenge of the Community Classroom. In fact, on the secondary level, till very recently, most teachers resisted community demands for an end to tracking. Only now have they begun to "swing," to accept the greatest challenge yet—renovation of the hierarchic high school.

Perhaps the Intergroup Education Project can best explain the new staff

(*Continued on page* 66)

In-service training and detailed preparation have heightened the racial and cultural sensitivities of Berkeley's teacher aides (above), students, and teachers (below).

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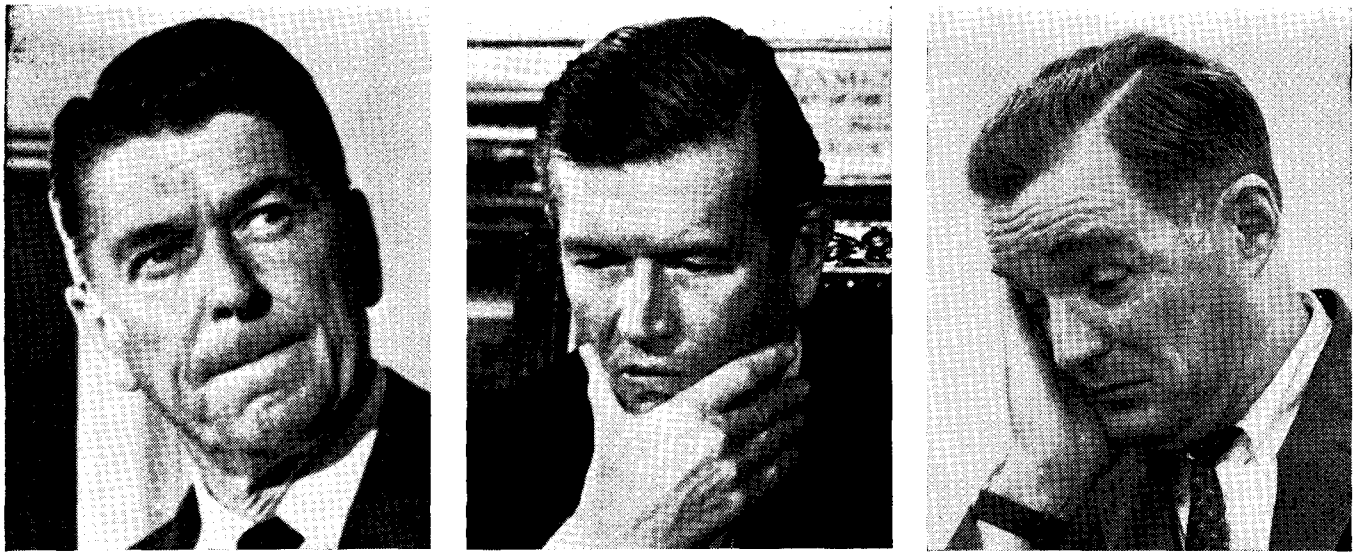

—*Photos from Wide World.*

Ronald Reagan, Governor of California, Mayor John Lindsay of New York, and Harold Howe 2d, U.S. Commissioner of Education—"Education is indeed very much a part of politics."

WHO GOVERNS THE SCHOOLS?

By ALAN K. CAMPBELL

A PERSISTENT theme running through the literature on American government is the charge that significant public decisions at every level of government are made by a small elite. Since official ideology holds that the country is governed by the people, the elitist interpretation is often presented as evidence of the failure of democracy. The charge of elitism comes from all parts of the political spectrum. The right argues that the country is governed by a liberal elite; the left argues just as strenuously that it is a right-wing military-industrial conspiracy.

Although the elitist doctrine was found more often before World War II in polemic rather than academic literature, since the end of the war there has been a substantial increase in academic research about what is now commonly called the "power structure." These research efforts made primarily in local communities have attempted to determine whether there is, in fact, an elitist power structure, and, if so, who the participants are. A sometimes acrimonious debate about whether community power is held by a single elite or by several overlapping elites also grew out of the findings of these studies.

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The use of the term "power structure" has moved very rapidly from academic to general usage. Since it is assumed that those who inhabit this structure rule in their own self-interest, and since they nearly always are men of wealth and social position, it follows logically that governmental decisions are made to serve the interests of the class or group from which they are drawn.

If one accepts this approach to discovering who governs, then the task of determining who governs education is to find the elite that makes those decisions relevant to this particular function of government. There have been, in fact, a number of studies on the government of education which have done exactly that. These analyses tend to find that the crucial decisions about education are made by a small group of leading community figures in cooperation with professional educators. This results in an education system which reflects the interests of this elite and produces a system that serves primarily the American white middle class.

IT seems to me there are a number of things wrong with this approach to understanding who governs education. And if the power-structure assumption is wrong in its entirety, or in part, crucial errors may be made in trying to improve the educational system.

One of the underlying assumptions of the power-structure concept is that the formal system of government is relatively unimportant. Normally the identified governing elite is made up of non-office-holding private citizens. In most studies, not even mayors and school board members are found to be members of this elite but rather are errand boys for it. This suggests that the organization of a governmental function does not have much influence on how that function is performed. The elite is able, it is argued, to simply twist the formal apparatus to serve its interests. Thus, it follows that changes in the formal structure would not alter the outputs; rather, the elite would simply adjust its control techniques to fit the new system.

This conclusion implies that the formal characteristics of the governance of education, such as the division of financial responsibility between state and local governments, independence from general government, and the supposed "no-politics" characteristic of education, are relatively unimportant.

Although it is difficult to isolate what difference is made by a variety of formal governmental arrangements, we know that such arrangements *do* make a difference. It does make a difference, for example, that education is financed by a local contribution, a state contribution, and, increasingly, a federal contribution. This pattern does not simply change the source of funds for education, but has an impact on the amount of funds which education receives and on the distribution of those funds among different kinds of school districts.

Research findings in this field indicate quite clearly that this multiple-source financing of education results in greater resources being provided for this func-

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tion than would be the case if it were financed exclusively from a local tax base; and further, the distribution of the funds probably produces a distinct advantage for suburban districts over city districts. State education aid is largely additive to local tax effort for education; the aid apparently is considered outside money by local school districts, and the amount of their own funds they are willing to use for education is determined independently (i.e., by local socioeconomic conditions).

There is, however, one important qualification which must be made to this generalization concerning the behavior of intergovernmental aid. It appears that aid is nearly 100 per cent additive to local tax effort in suburban districts, while it is less than this—perhaps around 70 per cent additive—in large, central city districts. The result, therefore, is that increases in state aid to local school districts will not offset any gaps in local educational resource bases unless this difference in how aid acts in city and suburban districts is taken into account. Since the amount of per pupil aid received on the average by suburban school districts is greater than that received by large city districts, and since aid is 100 per cent additive in suburban districts, increases in state aid will widen rather than close the gap in educational expenditures between city and suburb.

IT can be argued that this characteristic of how aid performs is consistent with the power-structure hypothesis. The dominant suburban communities are able to manipulate aid formulas in a manner which is consistent with their interests. Since the suburban jurisdictions are strong in state legislatures, and generally have among their residents the more affluent members of society, this outcome may not be considered surprising. But the present pattern of aid is also a result of the historical practice of designing aid formulas to provide rural districts with the bulk of aid at a time when, in terms of distribution of wealth, they deserved it. Further, it is just possible that the present situation results in part from a lack of understanding how the aid system works among those who design formulas. In other words, to argue that the present pattern is the result of a power structure looking out for its own interest is an oversimplification.

Whatever the reasons for the present aid pattern, efforts to alter the financing of education must take it into account. If not, recommended changes might have quite different results than assumed by those who advocate them. James B. Conant, for example, has recently suggested that educational financing should be made entirely a state responsibility, or perhaps more exactly, a state-federal responsibility. This recommendation, based on the need for greater uniformity in salary scales and for additional resources for schools with high proportions of disadvantaged pupils, could well have unanticipated consequences not consistent with its original intent. The power-structure assumption would suggest that the change would make little or no difference, while the additive quality of aid-funding suggests that such a change might reduce, or cause to grow less rapidly, resources devoted to education.

ANOTHER characteristic of the governance of education is its separation from general government. Educators and political scientists have debated longer and more heatedly over this issue than any other. Normally the debate centers around a set of broad generalizations about the supposed impact of separation, rather than on specific empirical tests of what differences it does make. The political scientist argues that education is no different than any other governmental function and therefore budget allocations should be made on some rational basis, with education competing with all other functions of government for the available funds. The educator, in contrast, argues that education is unique and that its separateness is justified by its priority claims on community resources.

Empirical research suggests that the degree of independence is unrelated to the size of the local tax contribution to education. In fact, it has been found that the degree of independence had no influence on any educational fiscal output; not on per student expenditure, nor on per capita expenditure for education, nor on per capita locally-raised taxes for education. It may well be that the independence-dependence issue is important in relation to other educational policy matters, but not with regard to fiscal policy. Probably the most important determinant of local school tax support is the socioeconomic character of the community; not independence, and not the local power structure.

Another aspect of the separation of education from general governmental institutions relates to its freedom and independence of politics. The "no-politics" characteristic of education has been much debated in the literature, and it appears that two conclusions have emerged from this debate. One is that, despite protestations to the contrary, education is indeed very much a part of politics—as is any public function. Secondly, the insistence that education should be free of politics produces a special kind of political environment for it.

As to the involvement of education with politics, the heated political squabbles within local school districts, as well as state and federal political involvement, make it apparent that the "no-politics" position does not eliminate politics from education. It may, however, determine some of the political characteristics which dominate this function and differentiate it from the more traditional politics of general government. The political system suggested by the power-structure hypothesis of a small elite running an educational system can be viewed in a relatively homogeneous community, which is economically and socially stable. The no-politics myth probably aids such control. In this situation, uniformity of view among the

—*Wide World.*

In a city of little consensus, Washington civil rights leader Julius Hobson (left) protests the appointment of William R. Manning (at desk) as Superintendent of Schools.

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general public as to the purpose and scope of education is probably sufficient for the operation of the schools to be left to the educational professionals and a small lay board. The ties to the community are through the board to the business and social leaders. This situation of little conflict and high consensus appears to dominate most of the literature on the government and administration of education.

Yet, this situation is probably less typical and certainly less vital than the one of high conflict and little consensus in heterogeneous communities or communities which are undergoing rapid change in their socioeconomic composition. It is in these latter communities that the no-politics characteristic of education has its greatest significance. Public conflict and concern in school districts are normally accompanied by an increase in voter turnout for school board elections and for referendums on budget issues. There is also a high correlation between voter turnout and defeat of both referendums and incumbent board members. In other words, the response of the electorate to dissatisfaction is to cast a negative vote. In these situations, due to the no-politics ideology, the school people—be they school officials or board members—tend to lose support within the community. They have not built for themselves over the years, in the normal political fashion, a consensus that is consistent with the various groups in the community. David W. Minar explained the situation well when he said in a paper delivered at the 1966 Cubberley Conference at Stanford University:

> . . . conflict over public school questions lacks a sustaining structure. This means that instead of there being opposition to the established order at all times, just because that is how the system works, there is opposition only when there is something to oppose. Again, specific issues, sometimes ideological, tend to be the motivating force. The consequence of this situation is not only that demands are focused on specifics . . . but also that the authority system is not usually accustomed to being opposed and therefore it lacks resilience. Conflict is likely to come to it as a disorganizing shock; whereas in most democratic government, structured conflict is recognized as the way the game is played. In school government it often seems to be regarded as a rude and foreign intrusion.

This "periodic crisis" characteristic of educational government undermines much of the rationale of the power-structure assumption, as the latter usually assumes high stability, even when the winds of change are strong. Yet, there is probably less such stability in a community with elitist control than in one where power is more broadly based and the institutions of opposition (i.e., political parties) are built into the system.

All these formal characteristics of the government of education, state-local financing, independence-dependence, and the no-politics characteristics, do possess significance for the performance of the education function. The formal structure influences the allocation of resources to education, both in total amount and in the distribution among different kinds of school districts. Independence-dependence apparently does not influence the quantity of resources which are allocated to education, but does have an impact on the ability of the educational system to respond to demand for changes. Even more significant to the responsiveness of the system is its no-politics characteristic and the resulting unstructured political system. In fact, it is probable that the no-politics characteristic makes it easier for a small elite to control the education function during times of tranquility, but makes it much less possible for the system to respond to demands for change.

It is within the formal context of school government, therefore, that one must ask the question: "Who governs education, and what difference does it make?" There are obviously many actors involved, and these actors include local school officials, local lay leaders, teachers, state legislators, state education departments, the federal government in its various units, and finally the electorate. As society changes, actors change; new ones come on stage, some old ones depart, and many change roles. By examining who the actors are and the roles they play, it is possible to explain, in part, why particular results have been produced. More difficult, but still possible, is the discovery of hints of new or changing outputs. In this analysis, however, the formal structure must always be studied as an independent force.

THE local school officials—the superintendent, his staff, and to some extent principals—are often cited as key to the quality of education provided in any particular school district. In one sense this is true, since they are responsible for the day-to-day performance of the education enterprise. On the other hand, it is probably unrealistic to look to these people to introduce changes on their own initiative. In many ways they are captives of the community in which they operate. Further, their day-to-day responsibilities are so great that their primary role is to keep the system operating. They tend to make every effort to avoid controversy and, in general, to keep the boat from rocking. It is ridiculous to be critical of this behavior, for their positions make it inevitable.

Perhaps most revealing is what happens to them when, despite their best efforts, controversy does arise. As Mr. Minar explains, "In districts experiencing change in conflict level, when the

(*Continued on page* 63)

—*Charles Gatewood.*

"The governing system of education does not provide much opportunity for the presentation of alternatives. This lack, in part, results from the absence of a built-in opposition in the formal governmental system of education."

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The Kerr Report

—*Wide World.*

Clark Kerr—toward a rational federal policy.

FRESH APPROACHES to increased federal support for the nation's colleges and universities were recommended last week in the first report of the prestigious Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, under the chairmanship of Clark Kerr. Titled "Quality and Equality: New Levels of Federal Responsibility for Higher Education," the special report ties the federal role inescapably to equality of access to higher learning for youth of every economic and social class.

The heart of the report is a series of recommendations for underwriting student costs and providing supplemental per-student support to the institutions. Included are proposals for Equal Opportunity Grants to students, based on demonstrated financial need, that would provide aid of $200 to $750 for each of the first two undergraduate years, $200 to $1,000 for each of the upper-class years, and $200 to $1,000 for each of the first two years of graduate school. Supplementary Matching Grants to institutions are designed to stimulate the flow of funds from private, state, and local government sources into student aid channels by matching with federal funds all aid that goes to recipients of Equal Opportunity Grants from these sources. A National Student Loan Bank would make available loans up to $2,500 a year to undergraduates and up to $3,500 to graduate students. These loans would be open to all students, regardless of need. The commission recommends that the program be set up experimentally with contingent repayment provisions under which "the borrower contracts to pay back a fixed percentage of his income per $1,000 of debt each year for a long period (thirty to forty years)." Recommendations for an expanded Work-Study Program to provide part-time employment for students, and an extended college Counselling and Information Program for able high school students, are also included.

For the colleges and universities themselves, the commission recommends a program of Cost-of-Education Supplements that would be based on the numbers and levels of students holding federal grants enrolled in the institutions. Acknowledging that the full costs of education are not met through tuition payments, and that per-pupil instructional costs will tend to rise as the number of disadvantaged students increases, the commission proposes that institutions enrolling federal grant-holders receive $525 for each such student at the underclass level, $700 for each upper division student, $1,050 for each first level graduate student, and $3,500 for each doctoral candidate. It further recommends that these amounts be raised to $750, $1,000, $1,500, and $5,000 respectively by 1976-77.

Manifestly, not all of the commission's recommendations are new; some are specifically designed to supplement, extend, and rationalize existing programs. What is new is the commission's effort to formulate a coordinated higher education policy for the federal government, and to tie the federal role to the active promotion of equal access to higher learning for the disadvantaged. Specifically, the main thrust of these proposals is aimed at making it financially possible for any student to attend any college in the country. The modest Equal Opportunity Grants, by themselves, make it possible for any student to enroll in some college. But the other sources of grants and loans available to him would allow him to attend any college—even the most expensive, if he wishes. And the institutions receive support under the Cost-of-Education Supplements program only for those students who qualify, by reason of financial need, for federal grants.

In shaping their proposals in this area of the report, the commission considered, and rejected, a number of other proposals that have been widely discussed in recent years. Specifically, it concluded that the tax credit plan for parents with children in college "would not aid low-income families where the need is greatest." In similar fashion, it found that general subsidies to the states for the support of higher education "would fail to provide the coordination and perspective necessary to assure expansion of programs of primary national concern." By implication, the commission also rejected the demand of most college and university associations that any general support program of the federal government provide for across-the-board payments to individual institutions. Certainly any program of a scope that is politically and economically feasible today would have little effect on higher education if the federal pot were merely divided up among the nation's 2,600 institutions of higher learning. Even more important, it would not only do nothing to forward what the commission conceives as the appropriate role for the federal government, but would also deny that a coherent federal policy is needed.

Among the commission's other recommendations, the most far-reaching are proposals for a dramatic expansion of medical education facilities—a subject on which the commission expects to develop a separate report in the future—and for a vastly expanded role in supporting graduate education. Included also are recommendations on the federal role in construction and research, and a proposal for the establishment of a National Foundation for the Development of Higher Education that would stimulate improvement in all areas of higher learning in a fashion comparable to the work of the National Science Foundation in the sciences.

The recommendations of the Carnegie Commission run counter to the desires of many individuals and agencies—both in the higher education community and in Washington. Yet it is a rational, highly informed effort to define a functional federal policy in a crucial area of national life. As such it deserves careful and sympathetic consideration, analysis, and support. The importance of the issue is well stated in the report's conclusion:

> What the American nation now needs from higher education can be summed up in two words: quality and equality. Our colleges and universities must preserve academic quality if our intellectual resources are to prove equal to the challenges of contemporary life. And the campuses must act boldly to open new channels to equality of educational opportunity.
>
> But these essential national needs will not be fully met unless the federal government assumes new levels of responsibility for higher education. The Carnegie Commission believes that a much greater federal investment is now essential if the growth of higher education is not to be curbed at the very time that the national need is imperative for our best ideas and intellectual skills and for the broadest possible extension of equality of opportunity.

—J. C.

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Schools Make News

Where Dropouts Tune In

IN CHICAGO, where the Board of Education acknowledges that 1,000 students drop out of school *each month*, a neighborhood organization, the Christian Action Ministry (CAM), is running a "tuned-in, turned-on, brand-now [sic] school for dropouts," to prove that ghetto youngsters can learn when they and their teachers believe they can. Twenty of CAM Academy's thirty graduates are now in colleges throughout the country on full scholarships.

But the school, funded mainly by the Carnegie Corporation and the Wieboldt Foundation, does not concentrate only on the college-bound. Through posters and pamphlets in pool halls and teenage hangouts, it recruits as many young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five as it can accommodate—at present, about 100. Students may enter any time during the year and start working for any of three certificates—one proving completion of tenth-grade-level work necessary for basic job training, another attesting high school equivalency, and a third for college preparatory work.

The curriculum is non-graded. Each student is tested upon admission and started on programed instruction beginning at his own level. Great emphasis is placed on building self-identity and racial pride. A student must have "the opportunity to present himself to his peers and to teachers in the role of an individual, not just that of a student," CAM's curriculum description declares.

A course in Afro-American history is required for graduation. In addition to the three Rs, a student may choose among psychology, drama, sewing, journalism, social problems, photography, and music, including a jazz workshop. Walls are covered with pictures, maps, posters, and with paintings and poems created by the students.

The youngsters drew up the few basic rules that order the otherwise free-wheeling atmosphere, such as: "No weapons allowed in the building; they must be deposited at the front desk"; "No reefers or alcoholic beverages allowed in the building"; "Any brother who fights another brother will suffer the consequences"; and "RESPECT for sisters; no swearing."

CAM teachers develop many of their own class materials, and their imagination and experimentation have paid off. In the first twelve weeks of operation in 1966, the average improvement in mathematics was more than three grade levels; in reading, more than two. A CAM axiom holds that "anything the student finds intrinsically interesting should be considered as potential curriculum materials."

CAM officials hope to effect change in the public system. They have deliberately tried to run their program with a budget and class size that are feasible for the public schools, and teaching materials for several courses will soon be ready for publication. For more information, contact CAM Academy, 3932 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois 60624.

—*Doug Elbinger.*

Discouraged by the rigidity and educational inadequacy of the public schools, parents in a Detroit neighborhood launched a private community school designed specifically to support and capitalize on the social diversity of the area. "The City School of Detroit" opened its doors in September to all children aged five through eight from a neighborhood whose ethnic and racial composition embraces WASPs, Catholics, Jews, and Negroes in economic brackets ranging from blue-collar worker to corporate executive. A non-graded, bilingual curriculum, and a multitude of community programs (plus scholarships and tuition grants) insure full neighborhood involvement. Above, headmaster Jack Faxon (also State Representative) works with pupils who are already speaking French.

The Rise of the Student Left

THE NUMBER of campuses experiencing organized student protests almost doubled in the last three years, according to a report by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey. Through a poll of deans of students at the nation's 1,000 accredited four-year colleges, the ETS found that while the activists still comprise only about 2 per cent of the total enrollment, their impact on the form of campus administration has been substantial.

Although most of the student protests were aimed at the Vietnam war, the draft, and the military in general, the effect has been to dramatize grievances with university or college governance. As at Columbia last spring, campus upheavals have led to re-examination of curricula, parietal rules, student participation in decision-making, student-faculty-administration relations, and the responsibilities of the university in modern society. "Perhaps a majority of college and university officials around the country have come to acknowledge the legitimacy of most of the student's demands," the report, written by Richard E. Peterson, stated. Mr. Peterson concluded:

> Citizens outside the academic world tend to be hostile, abhorring particularly the students' occasional recourse to violence and destruction. Given the present mood of the country, a tactics of violence most certainly risks an overpowering backlash. On the other hand, a tactics of relentless pressure on many fronts to expose, modify, or eliminate unjust social patterns—politicizing people in the process—holds for this observer great promise. If the Movement can be sustained, and if ethical responsibility can prevail along with the great freedom sought by the students, the potential of the Movement in time for the renewal of American life fairly staggers the imagination.

Trends of Reform

RADICAL REFORMS in undergraduate education are under study at Rutgers College and Northwestern University. Although the proposals were drawn up independently and are very different, suiting the needs of the individual institution, some overlapping themes emerge. Both urge revision of the freshman curriculum, scrapping the standard general education courses and substitut-

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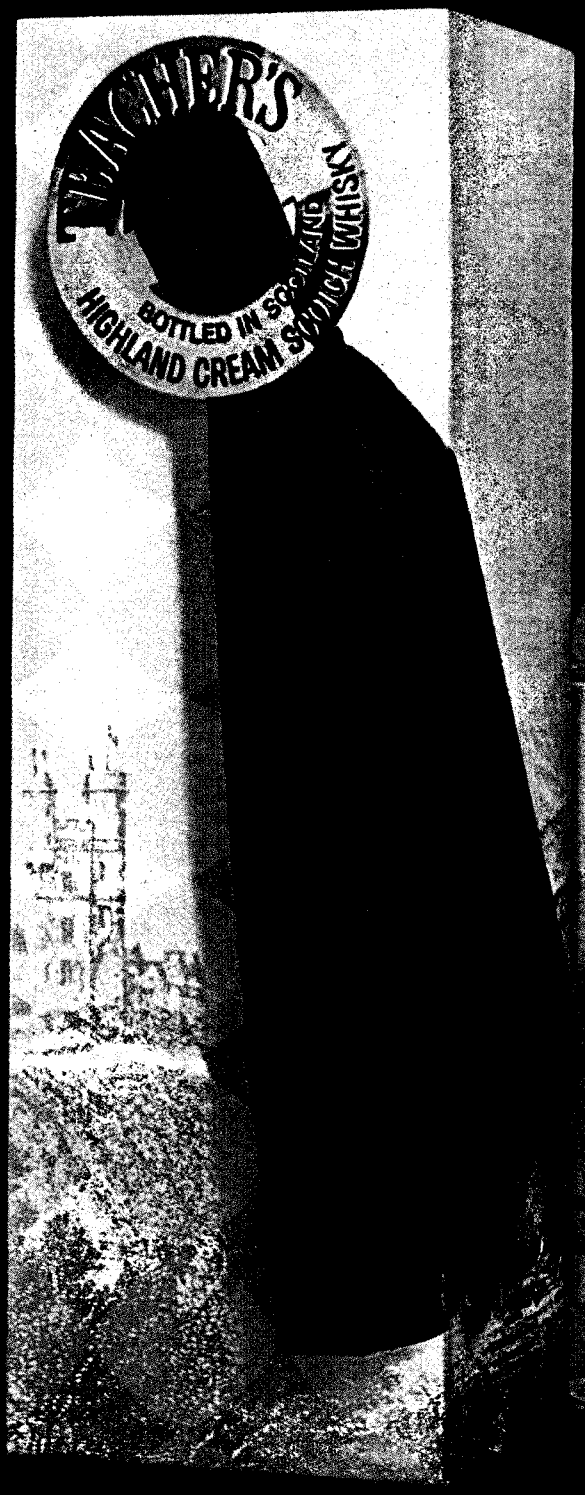
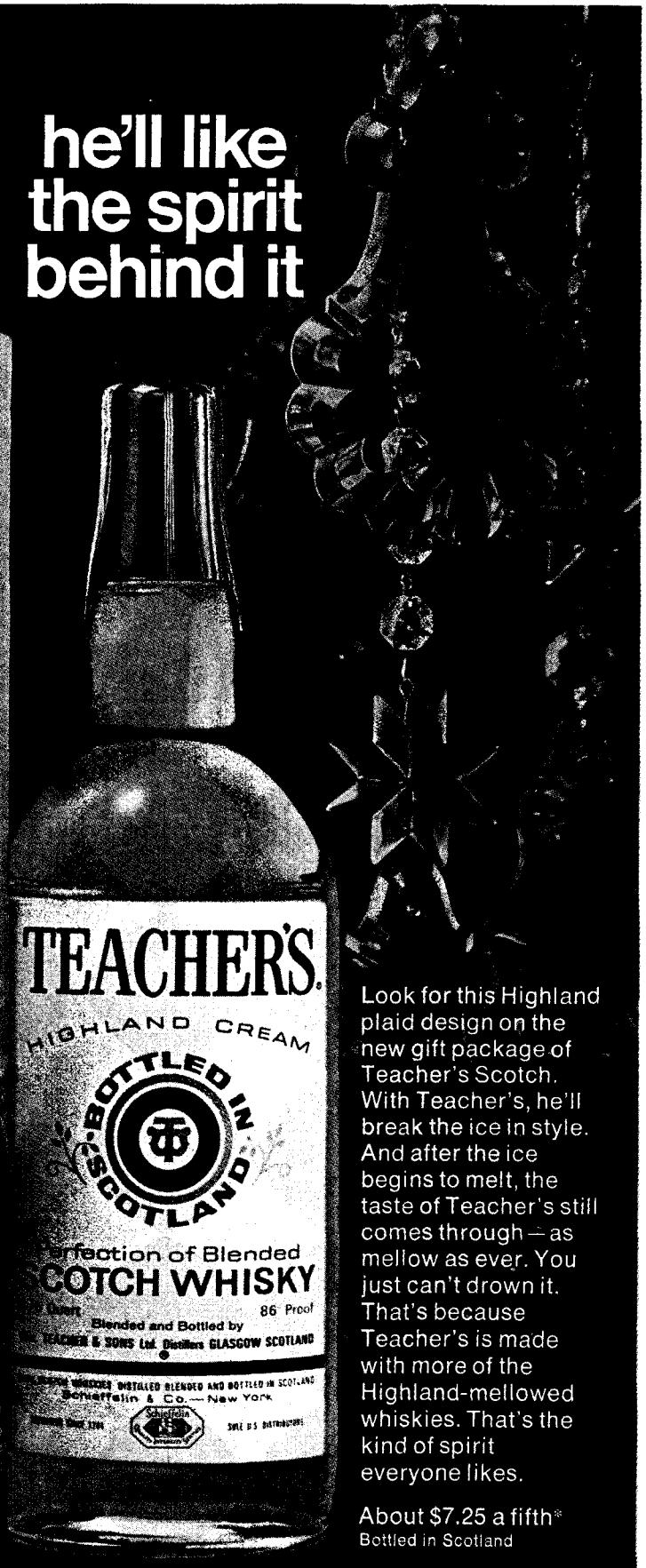
Give him a nice plaid tie...

he'll like the spirit behind it





Look for this Highland plaid design on the new gift package of Teacher's Scotch. With Teacher's, he'll break the ice in style. And after the ice begins to melt, the taste of Teacher's still comes through—as mellow as ever. You just can't drown it. That's because Teacher's is made with more of the Highland-mellowed whiskies. That's the kind of spirit everyone likes.

About $7.25 a fifth*
Bottled in Scotland

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Read about a plan to send Marianne Moore to the moon.

"The journey into space is, or should be, a sublime experience. The selection of astronauts ought not to be confined to men in the military or in technology. Why not poets, philosophers, or theologians who have demonstrated their capacity to think creatively and who have some convictions about the nature of man? A space ship requires true perspective. This is nothing that can be imparted in a course on astronautics; it comes with the responsible development of intellect and insight. A respect for the human spirit may be even more important than a knowledge of centrifugal force. For when the astronaut returns to earth his message should be more than an excited series of remarks on a fabulous journey. The returning messenger should have the ability to impart a sense of great new connections that may transform life as we have known it."

This is a sample of the adventures in ideas you will find in "Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey."

The book, of course, is not just about outer space. It is about the joy of living and the possibilities of life—but also about the fact that life on this earth has suddenly become precarious. ($7.95)

"Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey"
by Norman Cousins, Editor of Saturday Review.
McGraw-Hill Book Company. Now at bookstores.

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ing intense, one-quarter courses (the Rutgers report calls them "mini-courses") to introduce freshmen to the scope and method of various fields, rather than offering a broad – and vague – overview. Both call for flexibility and the opportunity to begin pursuit of a major field for those freshmen who desire it.

Interdisciplinary studies should be prominent in the upper classes, and part of the senior year should be devoted specifically to integrating the student's knowledge with the problems of the outside world. Again, small classes are called for.

The reports urge a new flexibility in their institutions, allowing students to complete their studies in shorter or longer periods of time, according to individual need. The Rutgers proposal suggests that students be encouraged to take their junior year at another school—a "Junior Year at Home" alternative to the Junior Year Abroad.

Better teaching is imperative for both institutions, the reports declare, and Northwestern urges "systematic rewards for excellence in classroom teaching" and the promotion of good teachers to high rank regardless of research and publication records. Students should be involved in the development of curriculum and teaching methods, and both reports recommend allowing seniors to teach lowerclassmen.

Other recommendations appearing in the two reports call for more Afro-American courses, further attention to the special needs of black students, total revision of English composition courses, and the end of the physical education requirement.

A Proper Goal

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, a comfortable suburb of Washington, D.C., is about to launch a school program aimed deliberately at changing white attitudes toward Negroes. The school system is preparing to set up a department of human relations that will provide "sensitivity training" to white teachers to help them understand the problems of Negroes. The new department will also prepare course materials on race relations for students and community groups.

Superintendent Homer O. Elseroad said that the program was necessary "because it is a goal of the school that young people learn to respect others and to be free from prejudice. . . . Freedom from discrimination is not controversial as a proper goal for our schools."

Only about 4 per cent of Montgomery's 121,000 students are Negroes, but officials are eager to avoid the racial clashes that have disturbed other Washington suburbs. The proposed new department grew out of recommendations made by a school-sponsored conference of teachers and community leaders last August. Other recommendations include plans for increasing the number of Negro teachers and pupil-personnel workers.

Grad Students Fade Away

THE FEARED DEPLETION of graduate school enrollments began last month as first- and second-year graduate students started receiving their induction notices. Low draft calls during the summer months and early fall allowed most graduate entrants to start the term, and some university officials were hopeful that the impact on their schools would not be as severe as expected. But draft calls will increase sharply at the turn of the year, from a recent low of 12,000 men per month to 25,000 men in early 1969, to 35,000 and then 40,000 in the latter part of the year. Although Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey has advised draft boards to allow students to finish the school term, the young men will have to report for induction when their semester, quarter, or trimester ends.

The percentage of college graduates among the new draftees has more than tripled since a low last February of little more than 4 per cent. By next spring, according to Betty Vetter of the Scientific Manpower Commission in Washington, the percentage could rise to 90 per cent. This would make ours "the most highly educated military force in the world," noted Mrs. Vetter.

Many students have already had their graduate work disrupted. Some winners of scholarships for study abroad have been forbidden by their draft boards to leave the country; others have been recalled from as far away as Argentina.

Detailed information regarding a draftee's rights and obligations is available from the Scientific Manpower Commission, 2101 Constitution Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Death on Campus

EVERY YEAR, an estimated 1,000 of the nation's 6,700,000 college students take their own lives, making suicide a leading cause of death on American campuses. The rate is more than twice that of the general college-age population.

To discuss the causes and possibilities for prevention, the National Student Association called a Conference on Student Suicide Prevention. Studies show that suicide rates are highest among above-average students at high-ranking institutions. Richard H. Seiden of the School of Public Health at the University of California, Berkeley, reporting on a study of twenty-three student suicides from 1952 to 1961 at that campus, observed that many of these students "doubted their own adequacy, were dissatisfied with their grades, and were despondent over their general aptitude." They seemed to have suffered from a "fraud complex," he said, in which "rather brilliant academic students felt that they had achieved their success by specious means."

Dr. Seiden pointed out that the statistics raise more questions than they answer. For example: Are the higher rates of suicide at high-quality institutions caused by the institutions themselves or by the susceptibility of the kind of student such schools attract? Notably, during the year of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, there were no suicides, while the average for other years had been three, Dr. Seiden said.

A number of institutions have opened "panic centers" to make counseling and help readily available to students. At the University of Texas, an "emotional crisis center" is open day and night. Faculty members and psychology students at Southern Colorado State College operate "Help Anonymous" from 7 p.m. to midnight.

—B. B. S.

—Wide World.

—Wide World.

Wayne Morse and Harold Howe 2d—two who will be missed. Morse, defeated in the Oregon race for the Senate, was floor manager for all the Kennedy and Johnson education bills. Howe, perhaps the most outspoken and controversial commissioner in the history of the Office of Education, leaves January 1 to join the Ford Foundation.

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IS THIS WHAT SCHOOLS ARE FOR?

By KATHRYN JOHNSTON NOYES and GORDON L. McANDREW

"WE go to school because it's the law," a latter-day Holden Caulfield told us. He was sixteen, intelligent, and had hair too long and eyes too wise for the comfort of either parent or teacher. "They make you stay until you are sixteen, and by then you may as well go on since you probably only have another year or two, anyway. The point of it, I guess, is to get a diploma so you can go to college."

In the course of dozens of interviews with students from coast to coast, and many other conversations with teachers, school administrators, and parents, we have asked the simple question: "What are schools for?" Oddly enough, there are many and conflicting answers. Although most people can agree on the general purpose of a bank, a hospital, a court of law, or most other institutions in our society, Americans seem to have very disparate views on the purpose of their schools.

Adults are likely to say that the schools are designed to prepare young people for full and meaningful lives, to train skilled manpower for society, to prepare youth for constructive adulthood or for self-realization or economic self-sufficiency. But the large majority of students—the consumers of education—are convinced that the purpose of the school is simply to prepare them for college. And most of them also believe that the student who does not enter college is, *ipso facto*, a failure at the age of eighteen. Since less than half of all American young people enter college, and only a fraction of these graduate, it is small wonder that so many students have a jaundiced view of the schools.

"It's pretty stupid really," our "Holden" went on, "Most of what you have to learn isn't worth the time or trouble. It's mostly memorizing, which in this day and age is so much wasted effort. Information is available everywhere, except maybe in the jungle or someplace like that. And if you were in the jungle, you wouldn't be worried about the kind of information we have to memorize. Even my little brother knows it's stupid. The other night—and he's only ten years old—he asked my mother why he had to memorize all those dates about the Civil War when we have an encyclopedia and he could look them up in five minutes any time he needed to know. She couldn't answer him." He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Oh, well, I won't put you on. I could give you some pretty spooky answers to what school is for, but the fact is that aside from the college thing, I really don't know. It's a system, that's all."

The interview seemed to be ended and then, quite suddenly, he began to talk again: "It's a system, you have to understand that. I guess it's because there are so many kids and they all have to be in school so many days a year, for so many hours. Or maybe it's because the people who run schools finally get to the point where they don't like kids and don't want to have too much to do with them. Anyway, it's a system. It's like a machine. One person, a person like me, say, can't beat it.

"Let me tell you about it. I'm failing math and science, see? My second-year algebra teacher told me she took the exact same course I'm failing now when she was a sophomore in college. But that was a hundred years ago, and now they won't even let you in college unless you've already had it. I'm in the eleventh grade, and if I fail these two subjects, I probably won't get into college. So I look around and I see that other kids are passing them who aren't any smarter than I am. So I figure the trouble has to be with me. So I need guidance, right? I decide I should go talk with the guidance counselor.

"But you see, that's where the system comes in. The guidance counselor has the whole eleventh grade to worry about in my school—642 students. So he keeps this sign on his door: DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT. I guess he's in there, talking with some kid who's in trouble or something, and doesn't want to be interrupted. I go down there before school, after school, and during my lunch break. The sign is always there.

"Finally, I go to the main office and ask how I can get an appointment with the guidance counselor. The girl behind the desk, a student, looks at me like I'm not all there and says that I have to make an appointment with him, personally. I explain that I can't get into his office to make an appointment, and she says that the sign's only up before and after school and at lunch period, and that I can get into his office during study hall, if I get a pass from the main office to leave the study hall. Are you following me?

"OK, fine. The only trouble with this is, I don't have a study hall. I'm carrying a full load and I'm in some class or other all day. Well, the girl didn't know what to do about this, so she went and asked the old lady who works in the office. The old lady comes over to me and starts in again at the beginning and tells me that appointments with the guidance counselor must be made during the student's study hall. I ask her

Kathryn Johnston Noyes is director of the educational films division of Brandon Films. Gordon L. McAndrew is superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana. This article is excerpted from a chapter in their forthcoming book, based on a nationwide survey of students and schools.

"I could give you some pretty spooky answers about what school is for."

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what happens if the student doesn't have a study hall, and she says that it always works out all right because students who don't have study halls don't have them because they are carrying a full load, and the only kids who are allowed to carry a full load are the smart ones who don't need the guidance counselor anyway.

"You see what I mean? You just can't beat it. It's kind of funny when I tell it like this, like a comedy of errors or an old Laurel and Hardy comedy on TV. But it's not funny to me because it's my *life*. If I don't get into college, I'll probably get drafted and get my head blown off for reasons I don't understand. I don't know what's going to happen to me. How can I keep my sense of humor when I'm going to get ruined by a damned *system*?"

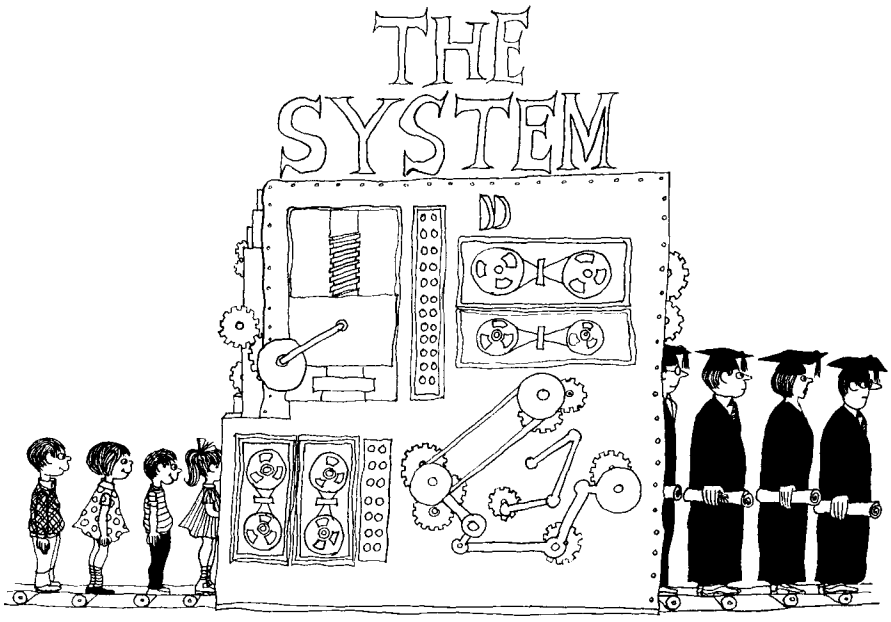
We couldn't answer his question and didn't try. He let us off the hook by shrugging again and saying, "Oh, well. My mother finally went and talked with my teachers. They don't think I'm trying. She was all right about it—I guess she's as worried as I am. But I *am* trying and I'm still failing and God knows where it will all end."

Two thousand miles away, another boy picked up the "system" theory. This one was slicker than "Holden" and far slyer in terms of "getting through" (a significantly universal term, by the way). "School is like roulette or something. You can't just ask: Well, what's the point of it?" he explained. "The point of it is to do it, to get through and get into college. But you have to figure the system or you can't win, because the odds are all on the house's side. I guess it's a little like the real world in that way. The main thing is not to take it personal, to understand that it's just a system and it treats you the same way it treats everybody else, like an engine or a machine or something mechanical. Our names get fed into it—*we* get fed into it—when we're five years old, and if we catch on and watch our step, it spits us out when we're seventeen or eighteen, ready for college.

"But some kids never understand this, and they get caught, chewed up, or pushed out. I'll give you an example: The other day this other guy and I had to make up an English test we'd missed because we were absent. The English teacher said she'd give it to us at 8 o'clock in the morning before school begins. Well, I knew that if the test made me late for my homeroom period at 8:30, that teacher would send down an absent slip on me to the office. So I went to my homeroom at five of 8 and wrote a note on the blackboard to the teacher, telling her where I was and that I might be late.

"This other guy, though, he didn't know enough to do that. He hasn't studied the system. So we go and make up our test and sure enough before we are through the late bell rings for homeroom period. I can see he's nervous and he doesn't know what to do, so he tries to hurry up and finish the test so he can get to his homeroom before the absent slips get sent down. He tears through the test and probably marks half the multiple-choices wrong. Then he takes off just as the first bell for first period is ringing.

"I saw him later in the day and he was all shook up. He couldn't catch the absent slips so he had to go down to the dean of boys' office to explain that he wasn't really tardy or absent. But the dean's office had a long line, and while the guy's waiting in line, the late bell for first period rings. So now he's half-way out of his mind, you know? By the time he gets up to the dean of boys, he really *is* late for first period and another absent slip about him is already on its way down from *that* teacher. The dean of boys tells him to come in for detention after school, one hour."



"The main thing is not to take it personal."

OUR narrator stopped and laughed uproariously and then went on. "Well, the guy gets all uptight and tries to explain why he now has two absent slips going when he wasn't even tardy. He loses his cool and says some things and the dean says some things and the next thing you know, the guy's got *two* hours detention, for being rude and smart-alecky. But wait, it gets worse. I swear he hasn't got a brain, that kid. Anyway, as it happens, the day he was absent and missed the English test, he also missed a math test. And he's scheduled to make that one up after school, when he's supposed to be in the detention hall. If he misses the math test, it won't be given again, and he doesn't know if his grade can stand a zero for this marking period. But if he misses detention, he might be suspended and have three days' worth of stuff to make up when he gets back.

"I don't know what he did, finally. Probably just had a nervous breakdown. It was really pathetic. But the point is that he should have foreseen all that and made arrangements for it. I'll be surprised if he makes it through school. He just doesn't understand the system."

The speaker obviously did; he had learned well. The only question is, is that what he went to school to learn?

Our last example is shorter and more succinct, but it is one we heard many times, from both boys and girls. It goes like this: School was invented to bug kids.

THESE were high schoolers, and their stories were depressingly the same from one coast to the other. The system syndrome turns up in junior and senior high schools of all shapes and sizes and, contrary to what might be expected, seems as prevalent in relatively small schools as it is in schools with 2,000 or more students. The same two words were spoken in all the regional accents of America: *system* and *machine*.

The elementary schools are no more human in their dealings with students. Although the self-contained classroom allows more opportunity for the teacher to know her students, this is balanced by her determination to "mold" them into what she and the school authorities think they should be. And what they

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Angels on a Pin

By ALEXANDER CALANDRA

SOME time ago, I received a call from a colleague who asked if I would be the referee on the grading of an examination question. He was about to give a student a zero for his answer to a physics question, while the student claimed he should receive a perfect score and would if the system were not set up against the student. The instructor and the student agreed to submit this to an impartial arbiter, and I was selected.

I went to my colleague's office and read the examination question: "Show how it is possible to determine the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer."

The student had answered: "Take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower the barometer to the street, and then bring it up, measuring the length of the rope. The length of the rope is the height of the building."

I pointed out that the student really had a strong case for full credit, since he had answered the question completely and correctly. On the other hand, if full credit were given, it could well contribute to a high grade for the student in his physics course. A high grade is supposed to certify competence in physics, but the answer did not confirm this. I suggested that the student have another try at answering the question. I was not surprised that my colleague agreed, but I was surprised that the student did.

I gave the student six minutes to answer the question, with the warning that his answer should show some knowledge of physics. At the end of five minutes, he had not written anything. I asked if he wished to give up, but he said no. He had many answers to this problem; he was just thinking of the best one. I excused myself for interrupting him, and asked him to please go on. In the next minute, he dashed off his answer which read:

"Take the barometer to the top of the building and lean over the edge of the roof. Drop the barometer, timing its fall with a stopwatch. Then, using the formula $S=\frac{1}{2}at^2$, calculate the height of the building."

At this point, I asked my colleague if *he* would give up. He conceded, and I gave the student almost full credit.

In leaving my colleague's office, I recalled that the student had said he had other answers to the problem, so I asked him what they were. "Oh, yes," said the student. "There are many ways of getting the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer. For example, you could take the barometer out on a sunny day and measure the height of the barometer, the length of its shadow, and the length of the shadow of the building, and by the use of a simple proportion, determine the height of the building."

"Fine," I said. "And the others?"

"Yes," said the student. "There is a very basic measurement method that you will like. In this method, you take the barometer and begin to walk up the stairs. As you climb the stairs, you mark off the length of the barometer along the wall. You then count the number of marks, and this will give you the height of the building in barometer units. A very direct method.

"Of course, if you want a more sophisticated method, you can tie the barometer to the end of a string, swing it as a pendulum, and determine the value of 'g' at the street level and at the top of the building. From the difference between the two values of 'g,' the height of the building can, in principle, be calculated."

Finally he concluded, there are many other ways of solving the problem. "Probably the best," he said, "is to take the barometer to the basement and knock on the superintendent's door. When the superintendent answers, you speak to him as follows: 'Mr. Superintendent, here I have a fine barometer. If you will tell me the height of this building, I will give you this barometer.'"

At this point, I asked the student if he really did not know the conventional answer to this question. He admitted that he did, but said that he was fed up with high school and college instructors trying to teach him how to think, to use the "scientific method," and to explore the deep inner logic of the subject in a pedantic way, as is often done in the new mathematics, rather than teaching him the structure of the subject. With this in mind, he decided to revive scholasticism as an academic lark to challenge the Sputnik-panicked classrooms of America.

Alexander Calandra is a member of the department of physics at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. This article is excerpted from his book, *The Teaching of Elementary Science and Mathematics,* to be published May 1, 1969, by ACCE Reporter, 829 Woodruff Drive, Ballwin, Missouri 63011.

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

Nothing Has Changed

As student unrest spreads, every college or university president keeps his fingers crossed, hoping for the best but expecting the worst, knowing that however quiet his campus seems today it may be the scene of violent disorders tomorrow. He recalls that within a few short years the action has shifted from Berkeley to Madison, to New York, to Paris, and then, after fanning out around the world, back to Berkeley and San Francisco. He has seen the careers of some of his most distinguished colleagues brought to a sudden disgraceful end because of their inability to cope with student protest. He knows that student complaints change from year to year, from month to month, even from day to day, and that the goal of at least a few of the students on his campus is not the solution to problems but confrontation as an end in itself.

One consequence of this volatility is that anything written about higher education today is likely to be outmoded by the fast-moving train of events before it appears in print. But Jacques Barzun hopes and believes that his new book, *The American University: How It Runs and Where It Is Going* (Harper & Row, 320 pp., $7.95), may be an exception to the rule. In a postscript dated May 3, 1968, he says, "The completed typescript of this book was in the hands of the publisher six weeks before the student outbreak of April 23-30 that disrupted the work of Columbia University. I have since found no reason to change or add to what I had written months earlier."

A substantial part of Barzun's book deals with aspects of university life: administration, scholarship, institutions, and financial problems—that may not be immediately affected by the current wave of student unrest. But in a chapter titled "Students or Victims?" Barzun makes it clear that at the time he wrote the book, he was well aware of student discontent in the university in which he has been a professor and administrator for many years. As a historian he is also aware that campus violence is not new to this generation. He says that the impression one gets of students in medieval universities "is of an army of tramps, spongers, and hoodlums" and recalls that the faculty of the University of Virginia in 1825 petitioned the board for policemen to protect them from students. The era of relative peace on the American campus opened only at about the beginning of this century and ended in 1964.

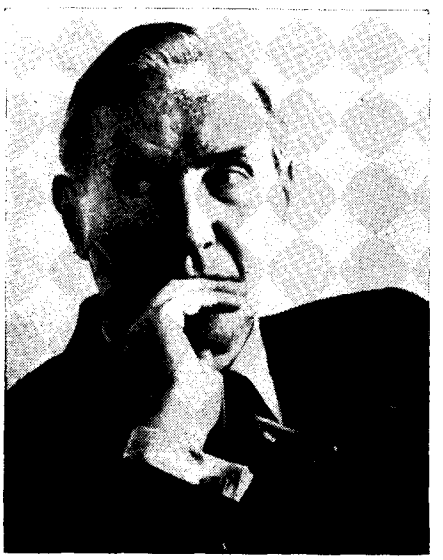
But he adds: "To describe this tradition of violence is not to condone it but to encourage the search for causes."

In his own search for causes, Barzun pays scant heed to the Vietnam conflict, the civil rights debate, or the draft. More important, he thinks, is the fact that modern society has created, without knowing it, a mandarin system.

> I mean by this that in order to achieve any goal, however modest, one must *qualify*. Qualifying means: having been trained, passed a course, obtained a certificate . . . The young in college were born into this system which in this country is not much older than they, and they feel, quite rightly, intense claustrophobia. They have been in the groove since the sandbox.

Though he sympathizes with students in such a predicament, Barzun takes a firm paternalistic stand against what he calls:

> . . . the arrogant pretentions and airs of holier-than-thou put forward by the institution goaders. They can seize the privilege of irresponsibility if they will take the consequences. But they cannot turn it into a right to run the budget and lecture the trustees. Criticism is the student's prerogative under free speech, and they have it—though it seems at times a bit of effrontery also to claim sizable subsidies from the administration in order to print daily insults about it.



—*Herbert K. Barnett.*

Jacques Barzun—"takes a firm paternalistic stand."

The author notes a significant distinction between the protesters of the Thirties and those of today: " . . . the beardless Thirties were out to create a new world of which they had the blueprint. The hirsute Sixties are out to re-create themselves without a plan." And he challenges many of their current complaints. Of the widely heard demand for "relevance," he says:

> If a university is not to become an educational weather vane . . . it must avoid all 'relevance' of the obvious sort. The spirit of its teaching will be relevant if the members are good scholars and really teach. Nearly everywhere there is enough free choice among courses so that no student is imprisoned for long in anything he cannot make relevant, if only he will forget the fantasy of instant utility. That fantasy is in fact what rules the world of credentials and qualifications which he so rightly kicks against.

Of the demand of earnest students that the university teach them "values," Barzun says:

> The wish is not so laudable as it sounds, being only the wish to have one's perplexities removed by someone else. Even if this were feasible and good, the practical question of what brand of values (i.e. what philosophy, religion, or politics) should prevail would be insoluble. It is a sufficient miracle if a college education, made up of many parts and many contacts with divergent minds, removes a little ignorance. Values (so-called) are not taught; they are breathed in or imitated. And here is the pity of the sophistication that no longer allows the undergraduate to admire some of his elders and fellows: he deprives himself of models and is left with a task beyond the powers of most men, that of fashioning a self unaided.

The leaders of the student revolts will probably view such statements as those of a doddering oldtimer who has been a part of the establishment for much too long, but other students—the silent majority which still hopes to learn what it can from the older generation—will profit from them.

When he wrote *Teacher in America*, a quarter of a century ago, Barzun offered some pungent criticisms of administrators, saying among other things, "Nothing so strikes the foreign observer with surprise as the size and power of American collegiate administration." Now that he has been a dean and provost for a

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number of years, he offers his considered view of the administrative role:

> It sometimes seems to a university administration that their sole business *is to keep students calmed down, the* faculty on campus, and the neighbors contented. But administration is not troubleshooting, and these feats, though incessant and grueling, are only incidental. Administering a university has but one object: to distribute its resources to the best advantage. Resources here is not a genteel word for money. The resources of a university are seven in number: men, space, time, books, equipment, repute *and* money. All administrative acts serve this one purpose of stretching capital and dividing income fairly *and fruitfully*.

In his earlier book, Barzun was scornful of Columbia's Teachers College. In this one he mentions "the regeneration of Teachers College under the brilliant leadership of John Fischer [which] was probably helped rather than hindered by the intellectually inanimate state in which he found it."

In a chapter titled "Scholars in Orbit," Barzun reaffirms charges that have been made by many other writers: the Ph.D. program does not include an adequate preparation for the job of teaching, faculty promotions are based largely on research and publication, and within the faculty there is a continuous struggle between the young men in a hurry and the older men who are not yet ready to be pushed aside. But Barzun sees some improvement in at least one aspect of the Ph.D. program: ". . . the old monumental, life-sentence, eiderdown-quilt dissertation, which I described and deplored in *Teacher in America*, is receding into the past. Most departments approve only manageable topics and set limits to the number of pages that may be catapulted at a sponsor. The change has come partly in response to repeated urgings by graduate deans and partly in self-defense: the sponsor is swamped; he needs a pitchfork to turn over the papers on his desk and he therefore views with a lack-luster eye the student who has chosen to tell all in twelve hundred typed pages."

It is not entirely clear what audience Barzun had in mind when he wrote his book. The chapter on today's students should appeal to a great many readers. The chapters on scholars and administrators will be of interest to most academic men and to some outside the university. But the large section of the book that deals with the financial problems of the contemporary private university in America seems less likely to hold the interest of anyone except administrators, university trustees, and potential donors, even though Barzun's analysis is a sophisticated one.

BOOK REVIEW

Breaking Loose

***Education and Ecstasy**, by George B. Leonard (Delacorte Press, 239 pp., $5.95), describes an educational system for the future based on humanism and technology. Mark R. Shedd is superintendent of the Philadelphia public schools.*

By MARK R. SHEDD

EARLY in *Education and Ecstasy*, George Leonard states approvingly that B. F. Skinner cuts through "the verbiage, the dense theories, the 'explanatory fictions' . . . that have sometimes made psychology more a literary metaphor or an occult parlor game than a science."

Unfortunately, Leonard is not as skillful as Skinner in avoiding explanatory fictions, eschewing occult parlor games, or cutting through verbiage. This is too bad, because the book could have been important. It is perhaps the first attempt, aimed at a broad readership, to develop a vision and a program that eliminates the sicknesses of education documented by its new critics, Herbert Kohl, Jonathan Kozol, Nat Hentoff, John Holt, Paul Goodman, E. Z. Friedenberg, et al. Leonard shares their conviction that education as generally practiced is insensitive, inefficient, and dehumanizing (for teacher and student alike). Its apotheoses are rote learning, grades, IQs, and the college boards. At its worst, it simply categorizes and controls both students and knowledge. Indeed, Leonard is strongest when he criticizes the primitive, limited, and limiting assumptions of what usually passes for education. His criticism is not new, but perhaps this would be a better book if he left it at that. For *Education and Ecstasy* must be judged by its effectiveness as polemic, and Leonard is in a better position than most critics of education—he is a senior editor of *Look* magazine—to affect a broad audience.

Leonard is quite aware of the tyranny that unexamined pedagogic tradition and mythology exercise over the public, teachers, and, finally, the students in our schools. He has compassion for teachers "condemned to perpetuate the very system that victimizes them." Anyone who has seen a teacher striving to reach students through, say, creative writing, only to lose them when some compulsive tic makes him concentrate on grammar, knows just what Leonard means.

Education and Ecstasy is an effort to subvert that tyranny; to free the public so it can free the schools for a visionary future which, in its broad outlines, is appealing and valid. In the most interesting chapters of his book, Leonard bravely attempts to write a *Looking Backward* for education, stepping into the schools of the future and tracing the development of education from the mid-Sixties to the year 2001. He describes a school of "free learners" presented with a mélange of opportunities for intellectual and emotional growth. Students move from learning environment to learning environment, places which physically combine the geodesic dome and the psychedelic light show, where a variety of sophisticated technological stimuli permit each child, with a minimum of adult guidance (or interference), to select, discover, order, discard, create and re-create his own world. The goal is a total development and constant interplay of body, mind, and emotion; of self and environment, of the social being and the individual. Esalen-style T-groups, multi-media experiences, programed instruction, meditation, dreams, fantasy, role-playing, simulation—all are part of the educational repertoire he describes.

Leonard creates this school in an effort to concretize the three elements of his definition of education: change ("education is process that changes the learner"); frequent, varied, and intense "interaction between learner and environment"; and education as, "at best, ecstasy."

Nothing is wrong with that definition. But Leonard promises far more than he delivers. He promises to produce not only the Magna Charta but also the

". . . constant interplay of body, mind, and emotion . . ."

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curriculum guide for an education of ecstasy. But, while he is occasionally suggestive and provides some interesting metaphors, he consistently falls short of his claims.

There are several reasons why, and the first is the prose. Some samples:

"Art, indeed, is Civilization's palliative, a ration of rum for the fo'c'sle hands, a bright hallucinogen within prison walls."

And, extolling the "U.S. housewife drifting dreamlike along the mazes of a supermarket" as the model of the future learner: "No Civilized Calvinist she, but rather a Polynesian plucking breadfruit as she wanders."

These two examples occur in the space of three pages. Almost any three pages will do.

Secondly, Leonard lacks a coherent theoretical or conceptual framework. The books is held together only by his zeal and a smattering of McLuhan, Skinner, and humanistic psychology, which seem to be the main influences in his intellectual smorgasbord. Leonard has a mind like an inebriated kingfisher, gliding over the waters of knowledge and plunging at whatever glitters. "Many a liberal education reform has foundered on a lack of specific tools for accomplishing its purposes," as Leonard observes.

Thirdly, except for one brief, vague chapter, little attention is paid to how we might get from here to there. Assertion and prophetic confidence are inadequate change agents. The book omits any significant discussion of the strong and frequently debilitating impact of the social and political structures within and around our schools. (The big-city bureaucracy is the most egregious example.) Yet, precisely these structures codify and reinforce the assumptions Leonard wants us to abandon.

Education happens in a social, political, and temporal context. When its relationship with that environment stultifies, so does education. It is when there is a tension between education and society—a connectedness, a give and take, a mutual testing—that education is most vital.

Leonard's sketch of the future is strangely disembodied, existing outside time and society. Moreover, the tension between the two depends on an underlying moral vision, composed both of intellectual clarity and an ethic. *Education and Ecstasy*, despite Leonard's commitment to the values of an honest, open, growing society, suffers from the moral ambivalence of most utopias. This is most clear when he wavers between a romantic, almost mystical, fascination with technology and a hard-headed view of both its promise and its limitations and dangers. It leaves the reader wondering just how brave the new world will be.

Who Governs Schools?

Continued from page 52

change is toward more conflict, the board draws back from its permissive attitude toward the expert; and when the change is toward less conflict, the board extends his freedom." In other words, when change and innovation are most needed, school officials are least able to provide it.

Further, the very nature of the governance of education restricts the freedom of local school officials, since they normally lack a strong political base. In fact, the development of such a base is inconsistent with the no-politics assumption of education, although some superintendents do it anyway. In addition to political support, such officials—if they are to be innovators—need intellectual support. Such intellectual support will almost inevitably have to come from outside the local school district—either from state education departments or perhaps more and more from federally-sponsored research and development.

These restrictions on the innovative role of the superintendent and his staff are reinforced by the role of the local board. Local lay leadership, under normal circumstances, takes its lead from the school officials. In times of controversy, however, it is likely to feel isolated and unprotected from the public's wrath. The result, as already explained, is likely to be restrictions on the freedom of the school officials. Occasionally this situation will produce changes in board membership which may, in fact, lead to other changes—the most common one being the employment of a new superintendent. Out of this process, significant changes in the system may emerge. Since the lay leadership, however, does not possess educational expertise, it can only indicate to the superintendent, old or new, the directions that should be taken in very general terms. The quality of the changes which occur, therefore, will depend upon the intellectual resources available to the superintendent – the kinds of help outside agencies are able to provide.

The outside agency closest to local school boards has been the state department of education. The strength of this department varies greatly from state to state, but it is probably fair to generalize that all of them are undergoing change in the direction of more power and influence. The increasing role of state aid, as well as the funneling of federal money through state departments, is in part responsible for this growth in influence.

The basic constituency of state education departments includes organizations of school board members, school administrators, teachers, and educationally-interested lay groups. To the extent that these groups present a common front, they are normally able to have a vast influence on educational policy-making.

For many years these groups tended to be rurally-oriented and, as a result, it was to this orientation that state departments of education responded. Further, state legislatures normally possessed the same kind of rural orientation. A relatively harmonious set of relationships emerged at the state level, resulting in some very important innovations in the educational system. State aid to rural districts was steadily increased; school consolidations were promoted; and curriculum changes were made.

This happy confluence of forces at the

"Mind if I look around? I was born here."

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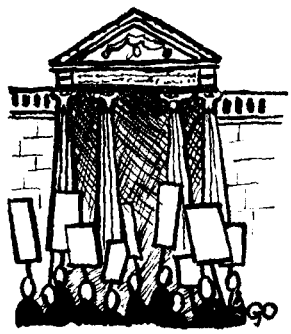
state level seems to be disintegrating. In some states, top officials in education departments are beginning to concern themselves with urban rather than rural education. Teachers' groups are finding it increasingly difficult to make common cause with organizations of school administrators. Reapportioned state legislatures are representing suburban forces more powerfully than ever. As a result of this new set of forces, it is very likely that the conflict level will be much higher.

SINCE World War II, state legislatures have responded relatively generously to the demands for increased educational funds. Education is a high-prestige function. It has a distinct advantage over activities like welfare and housing, but there is evidence that this honeymoon period is coming to an end. The fiscal problems of state and local government are by now well known to all; the increases in state-local public expenditures are greater than increases in personal income. The necessary consequence is a rise in tax rate.

Despite the improvement in general educational finances, the current concern about the quality of education in the large cities is but palely reflected in state legislatures. Here the suburban areas have benefited the most. Taken together, the fiscal pressure, the political weakness of cities, and the moving apart of educational interest groups spell growing political conflict over education in state legislatures.

Newest of the major actors on the educational stage is the federal government, and it is this part of the governmental system which currently seems to possess the greatest amount of political freedom. At the federal level, for example, attention has been directed to that educational problem which has been most neglected by the state-local parts of the system: the provision of educational services to the disadvantaged who are largely, but not exclusively, concentrated in the large cities. Although this federal thrust has been a response, in part, to the civil rights-integration-race complex of issues, it also grew out of the efforts to find a means of providing federal aid to education while avoiding the highly emotional issue of aid for church-related schools. By concentrating on the problem of educational services for the disadvantaged, the federal government has been able to circumvent (at least in the short run) the church-state issue.



The federal government's greater ability to respond to educational needs results, in part, from not feeling the same fiscal restraints as state-local officials do. The federal tax system is more responsive to increases in the wealth of the country and, further, education does not constitute as large a portion of the federal budget as it does of state and local budgets. This situation tends to produce program politics at the federal level and tax politics at the state-local level. New policy thrusts are thus much more likely to emerge from the federal government, and no evidence exists that this pattern is undergoing any change.

Underlying the governance of education are the attitudes of the electorate. Power-structure studies tend to ignore the voter; to assume that he is without influence; and to feel that either he does not pay attention or simply follows the cues given him by the power structure. There is probably no part of the power-structure image of the government which is less valid than this one. Anyone knows that on highly visible issues, local legislators, local school board members, and even congressmen are continuously concerned about and are continuously investigating constituent attitudes. To assume that the voters are simply responding to directives from the elite—be that elite a local banker, industrialist, editor, or social leader—is to ignore the experience of practicing politicians.

A FEW years ago Sputnik aroused the electorate; today, the issue of quality education for the disadvantaged is a major public concern. In black communities across the nation this issue is leading to demands for greater community participation in the performance of the education function. In New York City, citizens are issuing a "not-to-be-denied" demand for decentralization of the school system. This decentralization claim represents more than just improvement of the schools; it calls for participation in the decision-making process. It is assumed that this participation will improve education, but this is not the entire point of the demand. The Bundy Committee, which produced a decentralization plan for New York City, may argue that decentralization must be judged "by what it does for the education of public school pupils" and not "by what it does or does not do for the state of mind, still less the power of less interested parties." Yet, such protestations do not alter the fact of current demands for participation and power; nor does it seem unreasonable that those who consume government services should have something to say about their quality.

The difficulty with demands for change by the electorate is the inevitable lack of precision on their part as to what kind of change is needed. It is easy to demand, for example, that we should get out of Vietnam, just as it is easy to demand that the quality of education in the ghettos should be improved. There is not much beyond such broad, general policy directions that the electorate—speaking through the ballot box—can suggest.

The availability of detailed proposals for change depends almost entirely on the professionals in any given field. As already suggested, the present formal governing system of education does not provide much opportunity for the continuous presentation of alternatives. This lack, in part, results from the absence of a built-in opposition in the formal governmental system of education. Although the system of built-in opposition works imperfectly in the general government area, it does exist.

This new demand for participation will probably not force education to move to a two-party system in its government (particularly not at the local level), but it will undermine some of those assumptions so long a part of education mythology. Wallace Sayre quite correctly points out that the educational bureaucracy believes that "the community, when it confronts educational questions, should be an unstructured audience of citizens. These citizens should not be influenced in their responses to educational questions by their structured associations or organizations: not as members of interest groups of any kind (save perhaps in parents' groups) or as members of a political party."

Whatever the merits of this bureaucratic view of the relationship of education to its public, it does not represent reality. The reality is an increasingly structured electorate with conflicting demands to which educators and politicians will have to respond.

Finally, to complete the picture, a word must be added about the role of the courts. Many political scientists tend to overlook the role of the judiciary when describing the political system; yet its significance is self-evident. In the field of education, no single public decision has had more impact than the *Brown vs. Topeka* decision requiring the desegregation of the schools. And it is possible that we are on the verge of another decision of nearly equal magnitude. School boards in Detroit and Chicago have brought cases arguing that the present state aid formulas for education in their states are in conflict with the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and should

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therefore be ruled unconstitutional. The formulas are inconsistent, the briefs argue, because the aid system discriminates against city districts. Victory for the cities would certainly have an enormous impact on education.

This description of the governance of education provides little support for the neat power-structure hypothesis now so popular in both lay and academic literature. The fact is that the complex of forces which governs education extends from the individual school-district voter to the President of the United States. The distribution of power among the individuals and groups involved is based on a combination of attitudes and resources that is constantly changing.

The interaction of these forces does not necessarily produce a system which provides the kind of education we "ought" to have. In broad strokes, I think it fair to say the educational system serves best the white, middle-class suburbanite. Perhaps this outcome is not surprising, since the system has been primarily designed by white, middle-class suburbanites. The greatest resources per student are being spent on suburban school children. Both the availability of local resources and the role of aid produce this result. The school system probably better serves those who are going on to a liberal arts college education than it does other groups. In general, though, education has done better than other governmental functions in increasing its proportion of public expenditures and—on the basis of careful economic studies—it is clear that education has made a substantial contribution to increasing the country's productivity.

If these outputs are not entirely what they ought to be, and I would argue they are not, the governance of education does possess points of external access which may be used for inducing change. At the moment, these points would include the federal government, particularly the Executive branch; central city citizen groups, particularly those in the ghettos; and perhaps the courts. For those who are academically concerned with improving the quality of education, it seems that there are two obligations. One is to understand the governing system of education so that the points of access may be found; the other is to use this understanding to introduce changes which will improve the quality of education.

What Are Schools For?

Continued from page 59

should be, at the end of any given year, is ready for the next year. In the final analysis, the first-grade teacher's aim is to prepare her students for the second grade, and so forth from elementary school to junior high, from junior high to college.

Generally speaking, the typical first-grader is inclined to be outgoing, uninhibited, and candid. He arrives at the schoolhouse door eager and primed for what lies ahead. If he has the verbal tools or inclination to communicate with you at all, he is likely to tell you early in your acquaintance that he goes to school now. It's a big thing in his life and, psychologically speaking, he is probably far more interested in school at this point than he ever will be again.

What happens to him next will be a series of little things, none of them especially traumatic, but all of them together sufficient to turn his enthusiasm down, if not off. By the end of first grade the child is no longer excited and proud to be a schoolboy. By now, he probably doesn't like school half as well as he likes home or the streets, and his favorite subject is recess. And the chances are that he doesn't like school very much because, somehow, he has gotten the idea that school doesn't particularly like him. He is too often corrected and reprimanded, too infrequently challenged, and too consistently bored. The exceptions to these schools that turn off their students so effectively number in the hundreds. But the American public is supporting more than 100,000 schools.

No child can think well of himself if the individuals with whom he comes in contact do not seem to think well of him; no one who thinks of himself as fodder for a machine—or a "system"—is likely to have a comfortably good opinion of himself. Simply because nobody else seems to think he matters at all, he must spend a good deal of time and energy proclaiming that he does. If he is not able to do this, if he cannot make himself believe in his own worth, he will soon be broken.

As presently organized, the inescapable truth is that our schools seldom promote and frequently deny the objectives we, as a nation, espouse. Rather than being assisted and encouraged to develop their own individuality, our children are locked into a regimented system that attempts to stamp them all in the same mold. The student is filled with facts and figures which only accidentally and infrequently have anything whatsoever to do with the problems and conflicts of modern life or his own inner concerns. What he needs and wants are

matters of no apparent interest to anyone associated with the schools.

In sum, we run our schools almost totally without reference to the needs of the children who attend them. What we teach, how we teach it, and even when and where we teach it are far too often based upon the needs and convenience of the school, upon the comfort of the administrators, and the logistics of the system. And the students are all too aware of this; in all of our dozens of conversations with students in all parts of the country, not one boy or girl ever answered our initial question with: "The schools are for kids."

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Tactics for Integration

Continued from page 49

commitment. Through in-service training, Intergroup has heightened the racial and cultural sensitivities of Berkeley's teachers during hundreds of classes, seminars, demonstrations, and a variety of community exchanges.

Burnell Johnson, director of personnel through most of this past decade, also gives credit to the "new breed of cat coming out of training institutions: teachers who are committed to working with urban children, more familiar with urban problems, less prone to fracture if kids don't conform to a middle-class style."

Johnson concedes: "We still have bigots on the staff, and each one has a deadening effect—that is why we screen most carefully. We definitely don't want the social missionaries who gush out love and affection for minority kids but have no faith in their capabilities. This is not playing fair." Personnel wants teachers who are "intolerant of intolerance," "tolerant of turbulence" (both in students and colleagues), and committed to the new program and to the professional improvement demanded for its success.

THE last school year was an intensive training period for Berkeley's more than 450 elementary teachers. Each teacher spent one week at two different schools with diverse racial populations in order to experience "crosstown learning problems." Then they discussed their experiences in small groups, in zone teacher meetings, and in training sessions with such themes as learning styles, teacher expectations, pupil performance, teacher-pupil relations, and discipline. The Intergroup Project also arranged thirty-nine demonstrations ranging from "Science as Related to Race" to "How to Handle Name-Calling."

Nor were the children forgotten in the year of transition. Schools to be linked in the fall arranged classroom exchanges, shared field trips, outings, school-to-school visits. Students with maps of routes took trial bus runs and read about the progress of integration planning in a biweekly newspaper primarily addressed to them.

The most exciting event involved the entire fifth-grade class, which participated in a two-day retreat at a camp in California's wine country. Here camper units, organized around future zonal patterns, engaged in science experiments and field trips while also "discovering" that integration would work.

As the Community Classroom functions, learning problems loom. Undoubtedly the spectrum of abilities and skills will present a great challenge. But the challenge is expected—as it often is not in the so-called homogeneous classroom.

A variety of temporary cluster groups (rather than frozen tracks) will be formed normally within each classroom to tackle learning problems "where the children are." In addition, team teaching, individualized instruction, and independent learning will be standard procedures.

One thing is sure: Meaningful integration is alive and functioning in Berkeley. But there is still much to be done. The junior high schools and the single senior high, although integrated, must still be converted to communities by eliminating "tracks" and most homogeneous grouping. Superintendent Sullivan admits that in the high schools lie the "real gut issues of education."

Which brings to mind that Sullivan is now a national figure, and that on the very day plus one that the schools were desegregated he announced he would be leaving Berkeley in early January to become commissioner of education for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

After reluctantly accepting his resignation, board members immediately reaffirmed the purposes for which they, along with a multitude of people and a dedicated staff, had striven. Perhaps its view was best described by Marc Monheimer in a recent address to the school board: "The citizens of this community demand action, not a guarantee of success. They demand the opportunity to be first, not followers. They demand public education institutions which will prepare their children for the real world and not insulate them from the reality which has divided a nation. . . . We do want quality education—and we know you want and will accept no less—but above all we want quality education to be racially integrated, for we know that segregated education is an insuperable barrier to quality education."

MANY Berkeleyans are aware that their city has made one of the first major efforts to accommodate a school system to the vast population shift that took place after World War II, when Negroes from the South poured to the central cities of the North. This achievement could mark the beginning of the end not only of segregation but of the elitist barriers of "tracks" and homogeneous classroom grouping, which became the characteristic Northern reply to the great migration. There is a long way to go. But integration opens the door.

Education Letters

Continued from page 46

comings. . . . The detail in which our diagnosis seeks to trace symptoms to their source should not be allowed to obscure our briefly-stated but deeply-felt belief in the strengths, values, and importance of the institution.

I think it is perhaps *too* briefly stated; readers of the report—and, alas, writers—tend to gloss over it. To dramatize and distort the problems of a great university, to vilify the school, to make it a symbol of campus unrest, and to ignore the quiet that has reigned there for months and a collection of brilliant faculty and students is unfortunate at least. Surely, this is not what the commission intended.

J. ARTHUR PRONIN,
Springfield, Mass.

A Poor Substitute

I'VE REREAD James Cass's editorial, "The Armed Services as Educator" [*SR*, Oct. 19], because it bothered me so much. What the editorial didn't point out is that the services had jobs for those who succeeded; this is often not the case in the "outside world." Moreover, the services isolate these students from other negatives—poor housing, the need to hustle or help care for the family, lack of study facilities, unequal school facilities, and less-qualified teachers.

If, in such an affluent society, we must use the armed services as the best answer to educating the disadvantaged instead of revitalizing our goals and values, we are indeed admitting that our "American way of life" is a failure.

MRS. BARBARA C. ULMER,
Saratoga, Calif.

Authors Reply

READERS FULLER, Tabarlet, and Gowan [LETTERS TO THE EDUCATION EDITOR, *SR*, Nov. 16] misread our "Are Children Born Unequal?" [*SR*, Oct. 19]. They claim that we have denied the existence of all genetically based individual differences. They were possibly misled by the title, which *SR* substituted for our title, "Innate Intelligence: An Insidious Myth?"

We did not deny the existence of all genetically based individual differences. Our thesis does not imply, as reader Fuller claims, that people should be conditioned to whatever role is socially useful, for we make no claim about equal emotions, values, and goals.

We were concerned only with intelligence, defined as the capacity to learn. We examined the persisting assumption that people have innately different capacities to learn. We pointed out some of the insidious policies and social consequences resulting from this assumption and the tenuous evidence on which it is based.

WILLIAM H. BOYER and PAUL WALSH,
University of Hawaii,
Honolulu, Hawaii

Answer to Wit Twister, page 25: odes, does, dose, does.

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Dean Martin's "son" lived on $6.50 a week.

When your father earns only $6.50 a week to support a family of four, you don't think about what you can buy for that money.

You think about what you can't buy.

You can't afford a better place to live than an unhealthy hut made of mud and sticks and bordering on open sewage. You can't buy more adequate food than cheap meat once a week, if you're lucky, and starches with little nutritional value. You can't buy milk. You can't buy warm clothes for cold, damp weather.

These are some of the problems Ricardo faces, the little Brazilian boy pictured here. And these are the problems 160,000 groups and individuals like Dean Martin help to solve when they "adopt" a Foster Child through Foster Parents Plan.

Dean Martin gives $16.00 per month to Foster Parents Plan in order to help a destitute child like Ricardo. In order to help him become better educated so he can improve his own life in his own country. To help provide him and his family with food, clothing, medical aid when called for and counseling.

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1811

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mrs. Wm. Shakespeare's maiden name.	16 19 38 61 80 91 96 138
B. "If you haven't got a ———, God bless you!" (contr. *Beggar's Rhyme*).	140 155 185 199 200 14 57
C. Dutch religious reformer (1496-1561) after whom a Protestant sect was named (full name).	83 90 120 128 133 152 164 12 17 37 62
D. Improper.	110 135 105 116 131 159
E. Mt. Kosciusko's state (3 wds.)	167 176 10 20 44 45 60 63 66 99 123 141 161
F. Refresh physically or mentally.	172 187 29 33 48 119 129 143
G. Spencer Tracy, Marlon Brando, Julie Andrews, and Sidney Poitier, for instance (2 wds.)	146 170 41 54 115 139 151 188 195 4 8 75
H. Slight promise (3 wds.)	137 173 9 11 89 92 108 144 153
I. Arms; fortifies.	154 109 175 181 197 204 1 5 101
J. Hobbledehoys usually are.	196 28 98 3 86
K. One place where "We press too close . . . To keep a dream or grave apart," said Elizabeth Barrett Browning (2 wds., *A Vision of Poets*).	88 40 94 112 125 156 132 180
L. Prude (2 wds.)	81 76 118 145 46 74 97 87 179
M. Ant cows.	184 25 73 93 121 102
N. Liberty.	148 162 39 6 27
O. Where one might see boxers competing (2 wds.)	65 70 202 106 183 58 169
P. Bikini, for instance.	117 174 194 113 182 134 201 55
Q. "Our crimes would despair if they were not ——— by our virtues." (*All's Well That Ends Well*).	111 30 34 47 2 126 95 103 190
R. Boisterous girl.	203 124 158 191 21 51
S. Apparatus representing the solar system.	78 24 26 36 53 100
T. Come between, as in action.	127 71 43 31 150 22 56 77 82
U. Come back into existence.	193 7 166 147 186 42 13 178
V. Heedful.	136 18 160 192 49 130 72 79 59 68
W. In boxing, Ruby Goldstein, for instance.	177 64 165 149 142 67 104
X. Dilettante.	52 107 85 198 163 69 168
Y. After *in*: "Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk/ Beat a Venetian . . ." (*Othello*).	122 157 23 35 84 114
Z. Herringbone, perhaps.	171 15 50 189 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 I	2 Q	3 J	4 G		5 I	6 N	7 U	8 G	9 H		10 E	11 H	12 C	13 U	14 B
	15 Z	16 A	17 C		18 V	19 A	20 E		21 R	22 T	23 Y	24 S		25 M	26 S	27 N	28 J
29 F	30 Q	31 T	32 Z		33 F	34 Q	35 Y	36 S	37 C	38 A	39 N	40 K	41 G	42 U		43 T	44 E
	45 E	46 L	47 Q	48 F	49 V	50 Z	51 R	52 X	53 S	54 G	55 P	56 T		57 B	58 O	59 V	60 E
61 A		62 C	63 E	64 W		65 O	66 E	67 W	68 V	69 X		70 O	71 T		72 V	73 M	74 L
	75 G	76 L	77 T		78 S	79 V		80 A	81 L		82 T	83 C	84 Y	85 X	86 J		87 L
88 K	89 H	90 C		91 A	92 H	93 M	94 K	95 Q		96 A	97 L	98 J	99 E	100 S	101 I		102 M
103 Q	104 W	105 D	106 O		107 X	108 H		109 I	110 D	111 Q	112 K		113 P	114 Y	115 G	116 D	
117 P	118 L	119 F	120 C	121 M	122 Y	123 E	124 R	125 K	126 Q		127 T	128 C		129 F	130 V	131 D	
132 K	133 C	134 P	135 D	136 V	137 H	138 A		139 G	140 B	141 E	142 W	143 F		144 H	145 L	146 G	147 U
148 N	149 W		150 T	151 G	152 C	153 H		154 I	155 B	156 K	157 Y	158 R		159 D	160 V		161 E
162 N	163 X		164 C	165 W		166 U		167 E	168 X	169 O		170 G	171 Z	172 F	173 H	174 P	175 I
176 E	177 W	178 U	179 L		180 K	181 I	182 P		183 O	184 M	185 B	186 U	187 F	188 G	189 Z	190 Q	
191 R	192 V	193 U	194 P	195 G	196 J		197 I	198 X	199 B		200 B	201 P	202 O	203 R	204 I		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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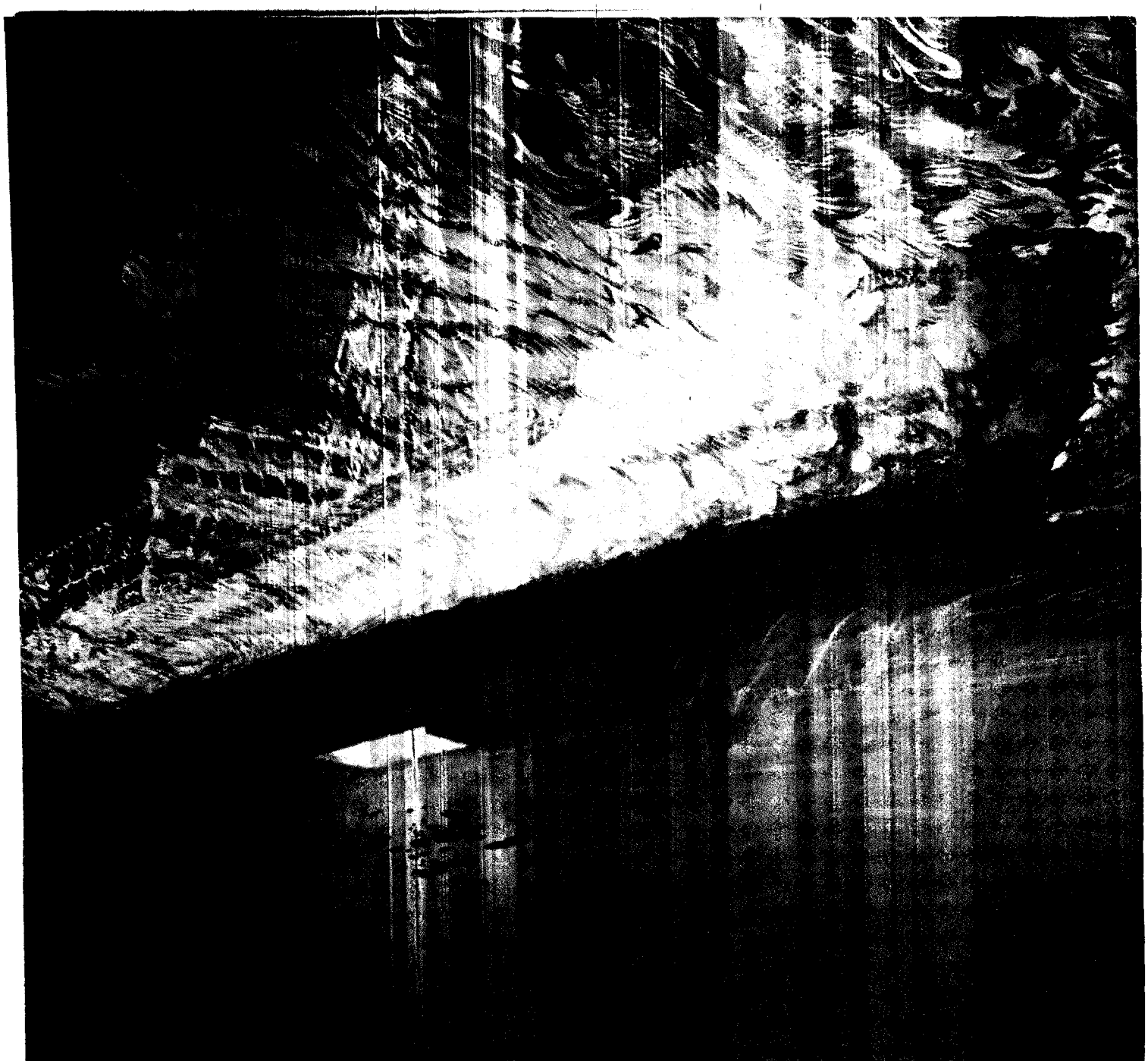

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